

TO YOU, MY STARLIGHT

To You, My Starlight

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If you should find this...

I hope that you know, without me having to specify, this is far from an attempt to push you into any sort of decision or path. These letters are not, in any way, meant to criticize you or the reality of our history. These letters were a seemingly fitting outlet for overwhelming emotions that I felt I could only share with one person in this world, but could not find the time or motive to hold you hostage to vent all that was going through my mind.

Through the course of stating these records, a number of realizations of my own mental health came to the surface - many of which you tried to address yourself in the course of our relationship. There is honestly part of me that smacks myself in the face for not realizing it sooner.

I state this notion in one of the entries, but if I may start this record with a formal apology, I'd like to initi-

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ate with something my mind has likely overanalyzed to the nth degree...

For times my intensity may have seemed overbearing...

For times when the seemingly supernatural connections felt like ropes trying to tether you...

For times my own turmoil bled through and seemed to reach to harm you...

For any moment I made you believe that I ever held resentment towards you...

For moments I made you feel I was leaving you behind...

For anything else not immediately apparent to me in this moment...

It is with the heaviest weight my heart can hold, that I apologize. You have been nothing short of amazing, even when things became tested between us, and there's aspects of that very notion that would scare the hell out of me. I truly did not know how to really handle it, because of how positive the experience has been. In spite of the complications, the ambiguity of it all... this is genuinely the healthiest relationship I have been a part of and often the sheer panic of doing something to screw it all up often got the best of me.

Truth be told, during the times when our chats became sparse - in spite of you being kind enough to give a heads up of any potential periods of silence - my system often defaulted to the "internal settings" that were

implemented from previous romances as a result of just simply not knowing what else to do.

But the truth is, in the time we've known each other, you found me in a time of transition. Though the exact date of our first meeting is a bit obscure to me, I remember it following just a couple short weeks after my niece was born. I believe it was by you first reached out to me on social media to ask about UFOs... if only I knew what was to follow. I just thought you seemed curious about it and wasn't sure who else to potentially consult... and the friendship it blossomed quickly became something I quickly treasured

By ... that was when you started to come forward about potentially being the mother of **\[Redacted Name\]**, from what may be a concurrent lifetime we knew each other as extraterrestrial husband and wife - as absolutely insane the notion seems outside of fantastical New Age romance novels. It is no exaggeration on my part that I thought you were attractive, but until your line of questions became too specific for me to ignore and the number of odd synchronities we experienced - from astral projection to literal UFOs in the sky while we were on the phone.

Then about a month later, we had our first video date... my heart still flutters like it did then, practically making it so my feet wouldn't touch the ground as I'd run home as fast as possible to spend as much time as I could with you. It goes without saying the melodies

we made while embracing the view... were naturally as spectacular as the stars themselves.

That's me trying to be subtle about it all.

I still have days where I sit in silence just scrolling through the old photos, listening to the videos and messages we left that I was able to preserve, just to re-live those moments. When image-to-video AI became more stable and accessible, the tool allowed me to bring those pictures to life... though it only fostered the natural longing for you into greater depths.

Now a couple years passed, we both advanced a bit further in life, came to understand how the other works... a part of me still yearns for the simpler moments between us. Turning thirty, with seemingly escalating family turmoil in my side of the world, has forced a deep reflection about how I want to move forward in life. Perhaps more specifically about who I would like to keep in that life.

Naturally the first person that comes to mind is you.

Which I guess brings me to the point of these journals, diaries, letters... whatever you would like to call them. It is my sincere hope that no matter the future that unfolds between us, should you one day see these, I hope you see them for what they truly are. These are glimpses into the moments that our physical separation would make near impossible for you to see of the voyage I have undergone, since my thirtieth birthday especially, to be a better man. Sure one could probably trace the beginning seeds of change being planted af-

ter I was denied donating plasma due to my high blood pressure; but turning the big Three Zero really cranked up the heat.

I want these letters to be captured moments to show the journey I am taking to truly live like the man you have seen within me; should fate not allow me to become the man you deserve. I may be the one taking the steps to betterment, but I cannot deny that you have been a valuable catalyst that left a mark upon my heart and soul - one that could not possibly be erased. It is in that reflection that to truly be able to step up or step aside, pending how the tides of life allow us to flow through time, I realized that I need to be a man of my own accord and simply allow the bond we share to exist by choice of the people we are today.

It's not that I deny the supernatural context of our meeting... I think you and I, most importantly, can agree too much "weird" has transpired to at least deny the possibilities. It is that rather than wait for the stars to fall, we both need time to allow ourselves to reach the stars. This is not a message of separation, but rather a realization. Do I doubt that we wouldn't have each other's backs should something go down to one of us? Absolutely not. But in recent months I have doubted the viability of continuing as things are. So, I'm going to take my part to explore what I feel calls to me - seeing the world, documenting what I find, then find a way to tell the story regardless of the medium it may manifest within.

But if I may be completely honest... there is one thing that I want to happen above all else. I have a feeling you know what I might say, as I haven't really made much effort to keep it a secret. Most importantly, I will not try and persuade you into a singular choice... as I know that should this come to fruition we both will have to face some trying times - in many ways the weight of that may hold heavier for you than for myself. But if this is the future we choose to make, setting aside the cosmic mysteries for just this moment, it is a trial by fire we will have to both endure with the active decision to face what may come of it side-by-side.

The truth is, my Starlight... I want to be your husband. Not in the next life, but this one. I promise to hold to my word, to respect whatever choice it is that you decide... but the bottom line is that I want to be your husband. I care not for the age difference, the uncertainty of our biological children, none of that matters as those will be steps we take together. But my ultimate hopes, my deepest fantasies about us, they have nothing to do with some intense sexual pleasure or grand adventures to distant lands or efforts to recreate cinematic moments to enhance the mundane. The dream I hold of us is peace, hope, love, and the ability to have grand adventures just for the simple fun of it - to keep life interesting.

I'll let the rest of these entries speak on their own accord, to map the journey, but that is the honest truth.

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I love you, forever and always, my Starlight.

P.S. Yes.. I published these letters... but the version the public sees has been altered to protect you. This might not feel right... but I need to get these emotions out the best way I know how.

Entries 1-6

E

ntry 1

My Dearest,

I don't know if you're ever going to hear this, or if you would even respond well. Above all else, I hope you know that my intentions—though I can't even say they are purely selfless, as there are aspects of this that feel a little selfish—come from an honest place. I truly don't know what other way to handle or process this, given our unique circumstances.

I've made it no secret that this is the longest relationship I've been in, and I have absolutely no idea whether or not I'm doing things right, making the right moves, or even just being the best version of myself—the someone who deserves to have a truly amazing person like you in their life.

This is probably far outside of your expectations. A part of me misses the days when we would constantly be blowing up each other's phones, when nearly every week I could look forward to seeing your face. But life,

especially with our distance constraints, time zones, and all that fun stuff, finds it a little too easy to get in the way. And please don't get me wrong, I understand that you have your life and I have mine. The last thing I want to do is intrude or jeopardize what you have.

Like I said when we first started getting to know each other, there's an aspect to the distance that feels like a cruel game. It took me a significant amount of time to try to find some sort of understanding of the things I saw, the things that would ultimately lead me to you, to finally have found you. And I stand with the certainty that the probability of this is very high. Finding you in the circumstances we find ourselves in feels like an absolutely cruel game, as if the gods of fate or love are dangling everything I've strived for just out of my reach, knowing that I'd be too stubborn to give up.

It feels exhausting, especially on the days when I know you've got things going on with your health and other commitments. It makes the fact that all of our interactions have to be done through digital means to bridge the distance between us so much harder. I find myself going insane, worrying about you. And it's not all on you; it's the fact that who you are as a person, what you mean to me, what you've done for me—the thought of somehow losing you like I've lost others scares the living hell out of me.

If the heavens and the shadows were a little more forthcoming, they'd tell you how much I pray for the gap between us to finally close, to not feel like we have

to keep each other a secret. I guess, like I said a while ago, there's no walking away without it hurting, but I'm also no fool. I know that giving up someone who's been as kind, as generous, as warm as you... you just don't do that. You hold on to those people for dear life, and you do everything in your power to live up to being the best version of yourself. And I have no doubt that you've been doing your best to try to nudge me in that direction.

I want to talk about when we met, how you reached out afterward. You said something felt like it drew you to me. Given the context of our bond, anyone with the slightest inclination of what that is would probably guess how much of it makes me question my own sanity. But there's just something about you, the purity behind you, that... I've talked about it. I've gone to therapy quite a few times, and even still, my therapist asks how things are between us because she noted how much of a change in my demeanor the very mention of you elicits, and how truly starting to become vulnerable with you, telling you some things that I never told anyone... just something about you made me feel like I could trust you.

While obviously I wouldn't want to test that notion, if it came down to it and you were the one I had to entrust to potentially save my life, I would trust you more than I would trust even my close relatives. And how much of that, in a way, made me realize just how alone I've truly felt, how much I deserved better, that I still

had a chance to become the person I want to be, not the person it feels like certain people paint me out to be. The realizations that came from it, what I'm going to have to do to fully embrace it, honestly scares the hell out of me. And I wish that I did not have to rely on little trinkets, photos, and small mementos to carry you with me through that.

I've made it no secret that I pray practically every day that we finally close the gap for good. And I know it's going to bring up a lot of problems, and I know that no matter what path it takes, we're both going to have to start from scratch in a lot of ways to truly embrace what it is that we have. I mean, I'm not going to lie, I'm jealous of the people who get to see you, who get to hold you, who get to hear from you, to get to spend time with you, to truly explore the world with you. I'm jealous of that.

Part of the reason why I've tried to give so much focus to the things I do is to distract myself, because I feel and I fear that I may fall into old patterns that would push you away. And, you know, now that I'm saying it out loud, maybe that's what I really needed.

You made me realize that I don't have to be alone anymore. You made me feel human in a world that makes me feel like an outsider. And there is no one that can compare to you. I can't even say that I felt that with my former partner before I lost them. And it's funny how our connection, our story, aligns with the stars. It constantly promises, or maybe a part of me is

just trying to project what I want it to promise. It's no metaphor when I say this: there are aspects of a future that I saw, that I've seen come to fruition. And that future is with you.

I want it with every fiber of my being, because I feel that even though there's probably going to be some judgment, forget them. If we truly manage to fully embrace this, something big may happen. And I'll admit, a part of me is hoping that I'm not putting things on a pedestal, that all this isn't false hope, but it's a funny sensation. Some days, when I know you're just busy because of work and what's going on with your health, I want to—I'm supporting you with your adventures 100%. You know that I want to be with you every step of the way.

So I guess what I'm trying to say, as much as I felt like this has gone all over the place, to you, my starlight angel: I thank you for everything. I love you forever and always. The one thing that's been powering me through all this insanity is the future I see with you.

All my love...

Entry 2

My dearest,

It has been over two years since we finally saw and found each other. Finding someone and staying connected this long, especially since we met talking about unconventional topics, is remarkable. Anyone partially

aware of our story knows there are interesting aspects, particularly since I'm known for investigating the unusual and have managed to gather compelling information. Even some respected professionals are surprised at how well I've managed to piece everything together. This, in turn, makes the long wait that I believe led me to find you all the more confusing.

It's not that I haven't had feelings for others; you know this. I remember when I shared the tragic loss of my former partner and their child, you felt guilty about crying. But honestly, it goes back to how, for some odd reason, with you being vulnerable and truly open, it didn't feel wrong. Any other time, it felt raw, like exposing an open wound to an open flame. But with you, that painful sensation wasn't there.

I've talked about us—our relationship, and how much anxiety it causes me when you're caught up in whatever is going on in your life at the time—to my therapists and a few close friends. Naturally, once they know the stories, they understand why I feel this way. They also make a very valid point: there are aspects of my past that make things unfair for you, like I'm trying to make you fit certain expectations, even though you have certainly tried to be there for me as much as you could, given our circumstances.

The perfect example of how different the dynamic is with you compared to my own family is what you helped me with regarding a vehicle issue. That's probably proof enough. The second my family found out

what you did, they started asking all these questions like, "You're taking advantage of him. You're involved in something questionable," and that if I don't pay you back by a certain time, there would be consequences. A close relative of mine expressed those doubts about you. And honestly, seeing them face repercussions after that was tempting. I know that's a strong reaction, but I just hate how they try to insinuate things about you. And yes, they're going to—I can hear you saying it again—that maybe it's because they're family, they feel they can safely speak their mind about things like that and not feel like there are going to be any repercussions. But I don't know. I'm just processing a lot and don't really have anybody I can talk to that isn't getting somewhat overloaded by what's going on. Even the therapist—there are points where I get the sensation she's mentally bracing herself for the worst when I go to discuss certain things. But still, even she encourages me to keep you in my life simply because of how different things were.

How you made me feel, how your generosity... It was no exaggeration that when my vehicle issues were going on, you lent me a significant amount of money so I could get a replacement. It was no exaggeration that I broke down into tears. I didn't want you to do that. I didn't want finances to come between us. But you helped me more than my own family. You actually helped to try and get the situation fixed. You tried to

be supportive. You didn't try to drag out the situation, turning every little comment into a conflict.

It's like I said before: because of you, I know I don't have to feel like an undesirable, like an outsider, like a burden anymore. Because of you, I don't feel that way. And I know in a lot of ways that puts pressure on our relationship that no relationship should have, especially since there are still aspects of me that want to overcome any obstacle to reach you when you go silent. Because in my last two significant relationships, whenever there was silence for just a little too long, it meant something bad was happening.

While I have my professional pursuits, my creative outlets, and work to help me, you know, just take five, just walk away for a few minutes, focus on things I can control so I'm not overbearing to you in any way, the thought of you is always in the back of my mind. That is why I was so thankful when you said that you were okay if I just left a small little check-in from time to time just to let you know I was thinking about you.

And by some chance you hear or see this, I don't want you to feel like I'm upset with you in any way. I just find it easier to express myself through creative endeavors, no matter what medium that might take, than to share everything openly. I'm still around people who act like they're looking for every little opportunity to weaponize just a shred of vulnerability when I try to let them in.

And when they go to talk poorly about you, it's a lot like with those misguided people that tried to break us up—how much they harassed you, how much they came after you, how much they hurt you. I wanted to hurt them in ways that I just... I wanted to hurt them like I wanted to hurt the people that hurt me when I was young, where putting them in a precarious situation wouldn't bother me at all. But I don't want to be that kind of person anymore. Yes, I mean, if a situation comes up where I've got to defend myself naturally, I'll still do that. But this constant feeling...

Even if we don't manage to bridge the gap, even if something happens where we've got to go our separate ways, the ideals of you, the things you've taught me about how to truly love and be there for someone, I want to carry that to the very end.

And to you, my dear, I'm not going to lie and try to say that I don't hope that I will one day see you in a wedding outfit. I'm not going to lie and say that I don't want to marry you, that I don't want to see you grow old, maybe bring some children into the world that we keep seeing when we look to the stars. I want to explore, have our own little unusual investigations and sky watches. I don't want some small trinkets or memory of you to carry with me through my final days. I want you by my side through everything.

I sincerely hope that when the time comes, you're able to make the choice. You're able to see and live the life where you find nothing but happiness. If there are

any goals that you've wanted to go for, that you find a way to achieve them. I want to know that you're happy. I never want to see another tear fall down that face unless it is because you cannot contain the joy that you feel in whatever moments are to come. I hope you find the intensity, the gratitude, the love that you have given me, even if I can't be the one to give it to you.

Entry 3

My Dearest,

Hey, you. I'm guessing your head is probably pounding right now, which seems to happen after your long night shifts. That's okay. I don't want you to feel obligated to be at my beck and call when you aren't feeling up to par.

Since I started recording these messages, a number of thoughts have crossed my mind when I'd hear them played back before posting. I know there's likely an expectation that I'm going to try to be poetic, but indulging in the highs, in the near deification that circumstances around our story seem to put us in—even though there are a number of odd synchronicities that certainly make it seem like a mystical, cosmic connection, that you and I were partners in a previous life—our current connection, our current circumstances, in a way, it almost seems like some sort of cosmic couples therapy.

It feels weird for me to say, but in reality, it's the truth. And when you truly commit to therapy to correct things, it means being raw, being vulnerable, and exposing myself in ways I haven't even found the strength to expose to you. Because the reality is, I feel like I don't deserve you.

I feel that... yes, I understand you are a person with your flaws and quirks, but honestly, maybe it's the distance talking, but how I've come to feel and think about you on a daily basis now makes those little things not matter. It makes even the most dull and mundane aspects of two people potentially being together seem like some lost treasure that I have still yet to find.

There have been a couple of times in therapy, even with the AI integration, where something has been asked that I honestly don't know if I've been able to fully answer truthfully, if that makes any sense. What I mean by that is there have been some who have asked, with what I know to be good intentions, to make sure I'm not putting too much unnecessary pressure on the relationship so that the foundations we're still trying to build, even after two years, don't crack.

One of the things that was brought up was whether or not I'm perhaps using you and using the situation with a relative as surrogates for my late partner and a young relative. I suppose after what happened to them, it would be somewhat of a normal reaction, even on a subconscious level, to try to reclaim what feels like was

stolen. But honestly, with my late partner, the entire foundation of that relationship, and most of my relationships, all had this foundation where I was trying to rescue them, to be the protector, to be the one they could always count on when things went sideways.

And between what happened with my partner's murder, losing a child that I was so excited to meet—nervous as hell, obviously, but excited to meet—and heartbroken when the truth came forward, and when you compound that with trying to help with a young relative, and when my siblings got put into foster care because of what my father did... I spent a long time trying to rescue, trying to be a protector, to convince myself that I wasn't the monster my family makes me feel like I am. And in a lot of ways, I still do.

But between the therapy and you, honestly, there's been a dynamic shift to where it almost feels like they're trying to save face, trying to avoid setting me off even further, so they can try to keep me around. But honestly, at this point, the only thing that's holding me back are the financial constraints that I'm trying desperately to remedy between business, poor judgment of my own finances, and just not having the best civilian job, for lack of a better word. It put me deep into a hole I'm still trying to crawl out of, and I've only recently taken steps to remedy it.

I mean, hell, I was looking into local legends of lost treasure from old western outlaws potentially worth millions of dollars just sitting out there in the desert

waiting to be found, because with that money, I could clear my debts. I could, you know, maybe find myself a spot to build my company into something even more proper, and I could finally fly back out to see you.

And I'll be honest, I've noted in a few places that I want to push things to where the reality of each other being physical beings really sets in beyond something that could ever be accomplished through a digital screen so we can make the choice about where we truly move forward. In the same light, I also don't want to pressure you. You know, I think back to an earlier time when I just happened to be in your area. I do think I may have seen you in the crowd, but I suppose maybe you and I both had a little bit of growing up to do in order to allow this weird thing that we have to truly prosper.

I mean, it goes without saying that just the circumstances alone behind us—the fact that you also have an interest in the supernatural—made things so much more freeing when it came to light that you may have been the answer I've been looking for ever since I first encountered a key figure, leading to a long search to try to find where you were. To try to figure out if you were some goddess, some angel, whether or not you were real, questioning my own sanity at every turn. Getting myself tested just to make sure there wasn't something fundamentally wrong with me, to where a vision of a future child... It's hard not to fear that the one thing

that helped me persevere in this life was somehow a drastic hallucination.

But beyond all doubt, it's real. You're real. And in a lot of ways, just with how things are right now, it honestly still feels like I'm not enough. And I know you would say otherwise if you heard this, and you're the only person I would believe it from. And it's why I've been trying to better myself so that maybe, even if some things don't work out between us, I can still carry with me the man you see when you look at me, because at this point, if we had to go our separate ways, there's no one that could truly compete with you.

And if by some chance you still have those reservations, can I just ask one thing: Would you truly be able to let me go, knowing what we know? Or would the "what ifs" sit in the back of your mind like I know they would for me?

I just... I stand by my word that I want you to find happiness, to find joy, to live out your dreams, to not have to worry about whatever it is that's causing your health issues, even if I'm not part of that story. I'm not going to lie and say that I don't dream of you in some way damn near every night. Sometimes it's just little mundane things like going to the grocery store together or, you know, maybe taking a walk or just crawling into bed together. Not for intimate reasons, not for anything, but just to be there.

I mean, just last night, this recurring dream popped up again where you and I were just on a walk after a

fancy dinner, and we just find ourselves alone, maybe with some music nearby sometimes. It's out in the middle of nature underneath the stars, and the only music is the songs in our head. Sometimes it's on a city street where you just happen to hear the radios of a nearby store, and I just grab your hand, I pull you close, we kiss, and we just slow dance. Not for any reason other than just because we can.

To you, my Dearest, it may not seem fair to put this on you, especially with my story. But to you, my Dearest, simply put, I will love you forever and always. And I know that finding just one moment to have that dance won't ever be enough.

Forever Yours...

Entry 4

My Dearest Starlight,

Hey, you. I'll be honest, it might seem a little obsessive that I've been recording these letters, but you seem to appreciate some of these sentiments. And, I don't know, perhaps a part of you is thinking, "Why couldn't I have shared this much when we had a chance to do our video calls?" I genuinely miss those. They were a chance to shut out the world and just spend time with you, you know.

I wanted to clarify something from my last little letter, message, or whatever you want to call it. It's the comments about me potentially using you as some sort

of surrogate. I'll be honest, that question has come up a few times now. I fully believe it was solely intended to ensure that I am committing myself to this relationship for the right reasons. And yes, there are aspects of you that remind me of my late partner. I think you two probably could have been good friends. Then again, you seem like the type of person who can get along with just about anybody. That's not always a bad quality to have, but as you and I both know, there are unfortunately some awful people out there who ruin things for everyone else.

Well, the people who essentially contributed to trying to pit us against one another reached out again. I guess I didn't completely remove *a former business connection* from my company's media presence—nothing that would give *them* access to important emails or anything like that, so don't worry. Everything you shared stays with me. Even though I've publicized our relationship just a little bit, I know it's something you're not always comfortable with. You took the time to try to understand how taking on creative projects was an easier release for processing my emotions. It wasn't just with you; it's been the case in just about every relationship I've been in.

But to go back to my earlier point, I know in my heart that I am not using you to try to replace what I lost with my partner and *a previous loss*. It's simply because of how strong this connection is. Sure, we have our complications. Sure, we have our obstacles, and

we've had our disagreements. But, you know, that happens in every relationship.

And naturally, I can only imagine what was going through your head when we discussed some of the unusual side of things, and it seemed like you were somehow connected. Now, I still stand by the idea of just letting things play out and seeing what happens. Because let's face it, there's no other way to really test that aspect of the unusual. And there could be a million other different things going on that we just haven't ruled out. But realistically, like I said, if I had to put a number on it, to sort of quantify it to try to understand it and process it in some form of logical sense: I am about 90% certain that you're "it." No matter how this situation plays out, you're the one who is going to matter the most. You're the one who matters the most.

And you know, as much as I talk about wanting to close the gap and honestly embrace the mundane, I have had that fear that perhaps in some capacity we've put each other on pedestals. We've talked about this before, I know. But perhaps me especially. Despite my insecurities eating away at my head—to the point where working on my company, my art, my books, or even my regular civilian job (that honestly might see a change here in the near future to something that pays a little better)—is just a way of gripping onto something to temporarily distract me, to focus on the things I can control as compared to trying to wrangle in something

that some speculate is me trying to deify how I feel about our relationship.

But regardless of whether or not there is actual tangibility of the unusual influencing us somehow—well, somehow we know it does. You and I both go on investigations. Hell, you even encouraged the idea of me checking out some of the legends around my area of lost treasure, something that a lot of people thought I was insane for looking into. But you know what? Insanity just feels right. You know, I don't like the mundane and the average, expected experience that society expects everyone to conform to. It just doesn't feel right.

I want to go out. I want to explore. I want to create, to build a future where someone like you, someone like our kids—at the end of the day, I just want to be someone you all can be proud of, in both the literal and the figurative sense. And I'm hoping the fact that we've managed to be together for this long is a sign that I'm on the right track.

Finding some magic silver bullet to skyrocket me to fame and fortune, to clear my debts, clear my finances and all that? Yeah, that would be amazing right now. I challenge anybody who says it wouldn't. And yes, it may be unrealistic at times, but you know what? If I lived my life by what was realistic in the eyes of others, I wouldn't have been able to write books. I wouldn't have been able to get involved in creative projects and broadcasts. I wouldn't have gone on these unique in-

vestigations. I wouldn't have gotten to travel to different places, and meet all these incredible people.

Regardless of the interpretation of the cosmic sense. Yeah, there are a lot of people who try to say that I'm just trying to deify, trying to put a mythological twist on our story, but let's face it: had the terrible, the beautiful, the ugly, and everything in between—had all that not happened, you and I both would probably be very different people. And the right mix of circumstances allowed this to happen.

And to you, my Starlight, I thank you with every breath, every heartbeat, every passing moment, for helping me realize that as I'm sitting in the very car you helped me pay for when my own family was looking for every excuse to tear me apart, to tear me down. You rescued me. And even as I'm reflecting on that, the emotions that brought me to tears when you sent the money, feeling the level of trust and care that you had for me in that moment. I didn't question it before, but that gesture alone honestly made it a little more tangible.

So yeah, if I am insane for wanting this, for wanting you, then strap me into a straitjacket, because I'm embracing it. And when I say that, I want you to be happy. I want you to find your truth, your passion. I want you to be able to live a life where any tears on your face are mere manifestations of absolute joy and purity and love. Never sadness, never anger. But love—that's my

honest wish for you, regardless of whether or not I get to be a part of that picture.

And it goes without saying that no matter what happens, you changed me, and I will carry that with me regardless of what happens. If something happens where we go our separate ways, yeah, it's going to hurt like hell. There's going to be a lot of unanswered questions. There's going to be a lot of "what ifs." But loving you, learning from you, embracing you and everything you have symbolized in my life, has made me a better man. That's the raw truth. And I will never deny the power you have over me.

With all my love...

Entry 5

To You My Starlight,

Hey, you. I just woke up after getting some sleep after work. Turns out you jinxed me on the weather. Oh well. At least I live just off a major route, so the drive to work tonight shouldn't be too difficult.

I started these recordings honestly not knowing what to expect. Maybe I'll find a way to turn it into a gift for you. I mean, a certain holiday is coming up, after all.

And as I'm lying here in bed using my phone to record this, even though I've taken steps to try to remedy my situation—obviously short of somehow finding a way to win the lottery or find some of that treasure

I told you about—fixing the problems isn't going to be an overnight solution. My company is starting to make a little money. Going through the tax information, I made just under a certain amount with it last year. Obviously nowhere near enough to, you know, quit my day job, so to speak. But it certainly is a bit more than I anticipated, so it justifies me continuing. After all, there's a reason why they say it takes five years for a business built from scratch to truly start making a profit. And that's exactly the road I'm taking.

Yes, I've worked regular "9-to-five" jobs. I've done side gigs from time to time for a little extra money. And every now and then I'll hit up a voiceover audition or audition for a TV show just to try to make a little extra money doing some of the more fun things I want to do.

And as much as I talk about wanting to connect, wanting to, you know, close the gap, and we find ourselves arguing over dishes or how to do laundry or stupid little things like that, being able to actually pursue my interests—whether it's through the paranormal or turning some of the stuff I've looked into into content to build up my business—I was warned by some of my mentors that going down this road was lonely as hell. And they were right, because you don't find a lot of connections that truly understand the grind unless they themselves are taking up some version of that journey on their own.

And needless to say, because of that, finding the time to go out with friends or maybe spend time with

a couple of family members that I'm still close with, it makes it difficult. It makes it difficult to stick to the grind. It makes it difficult to maintain certain relationships.

And on the surface, it's why I didn't really shy away from a long distance. I mean, that's how I met my former partner. We were working to close the gap when what happened to her happened. God, part of me almost wants to reach out to her sibling to see how they're doing. It's been a while since I've heard from them, and considering the initial context of why I recorded these messages, it might seem a little weird to any outsiders who find this about me talking about my former partner, but I mean, technically they're not my partner anymore.

But I don't know. Give me ghosts. Give me gods, monsters, angels, aliens. I could figure that out easy. But humanity, man, what's considered normal by humans? That confuses me. I guess on some level it confuses us all, right?

I guess part of the reason why I talk about it is because talking to you, it feels safe to air out my thoughts. You know my story. You accept and have had experiences of your own dealing with the supernatural. So, it's been amazing just to be able to have that, to have someone who's open, at least open-minded, to some of the more exotic notions that I've had but still tries to maintain just a little bit of skepticism so

you're not easily fooled. It's honestly something that this "field" needs more of.

I just, I don't know. It's like I told you a while ago, I'm not happy in the circumstances I'm in. And like I told you, me helping out with the remodel at my day job, getting to talk and getting to know some of the people that came in to work on it and where they've talked about me coming to join them, I've honestly been giving it a lot of thought. Even though, yeah, it would be a nice little bump in my payday, I wouldn't be home. And maybe on some level it's just an excuse. But the job I have now allows me to have just enough of a weird schedule to where I can maintain regular contact with you. It helps make our video dates easier to schedule.

And I don't know, part of me feels like you're a little hesitant to do that again ever since a relative barged in. I know you're understanding of the situation that I'm still technically living at home, and so is a younger family member and a younger relative, which is why I've been so active in their life. But now you also know that the circumstances behind that are far from ideal. And yes, on some level the relationship between me and my family member has repaired, but naturally the scope of what all happens... It was hard not to get a little frustrated when my relative barged in and didn't leave. Also, yeah, I could have gotten up, but I also wasn't dressed, as you know. A bit of an embarrassing situa-

tion. I don't know why I just brought it up, but I guess I'm just trying to reflect more.

I don't know. I just miss talking to you. I miss hearing your voice. You know, I love hearing that regional way of speaking of yours. It's just so relaxing. Even on days where, you know, we've had our disagreements, our arguments, I couldn't get enough. I miss you, my Starlight. I miss that.

And I get, you know, we sometimes have conflicting work schedules and you have your people that you spend time with and I tend to be more of a lone wolf. I don't know. Everything you've done for me rings true and pretty much cemented what I already thought of you. I miss you every moment, every day. To you, my Starlight, you're the closest thing to home I've felt in a long time.

And there have been a couple of times where I've confessed these feelings to, you know, therapists or a couple of close friends of mine, and they've often asked what happens if you leave. I mean, you and I did technically agree, even though I hated the notion and still do with every fiber of my being, that if somebody else happened to come along, we could go our separate ways; we just made sure to tell each other what happened. I hated that notion. Even though, yes, I did get a little too close to some of the ladies I was helping out with certain relief efforts, it's you I still want. I want you.

And yeah, I get things may happen. You joked how, yeah, there might be a bit of an age difference between us and that I might not want you in a few years, but if you could fool yourself into thinking I would be so shallow, especially after everything, you've got another thing coming, hun.

I don't know. I just hope that me recording these messages doesn't upset you. Not that I think it would, but I don't know. Maybe turning a certain age, I'm just re-evaluating my life. Not necessarily because I see something bad happening on the horizon, you know. I mean, I'll admit, yes, I noticed that signs of issues related to aging started with my parents about their a certain age. So, yeah, I'm trying to be a little bit more mindful of my health for that reason. But it's more than just that.

There was a time where me making it to a certain age didn't seem likely. And that was the span of years before you and I actually met and the two years, three months, almost four months of trying to maintain the relationship as we are now. Don't get me wrong. Maybe on some level the dreams, the visions I've had that I've told you about, maybe on some level it's some sort of subconscious manifestation to try to help keep me going. I've tested that. I've asked about that with my therapists and even took opportunities to get scans done on my head just to make sure there wasn't some sort of damage going on that was causing the things I've experienced. And everything came out clean.

The general consensus between the doctors, the other investigators, the professors, the former military intelligence officers, everyone I've collaborated with when it comes to some of my more exotic pursuits, the consensus is the same: something strange has happened. And between the photos that I was able to gather to back my story, to the AI reconstructions of the beings we saw that suspiciously look way too much like us to ignore, to even the other people that see me and those we call our star children, it's hard not to assume that I've fallen into delusion, that I've created some sort of mythology to try to ease the load. And maybe that's a byproduct.

But all in all, I've dedicated about a certain number of years, almost that many years of my life, to trying to understand this, to looking for ghosts, to UFOs, to regional cryptids, and damn near everything in between. Me, hell, I may have something in my crosshairs that would put me up against a dangerous group that's literally causing people to carve symbols into themselves to try to be accepted by their members. I just can't get away from the darkness.

But because of everything that's happened, I also can't ignore that the conditions are right for me to head in. For me to have experienced what I've experienced puts me in a unique position. And even though I've tried to walk away, tried to have a bit more mundane experience, for lack of a better word, something always

draws me back in. And I don't know, maybe to some extent that was what it was going to take to find you.

I still think that maybe you and I may have crossed paths in the wind, not realizing it, but you've even said it yourself. Had it not been for some of the very people that tried to pit us against each other, just break us up because they didn't like what we were doing, we probably wouldn't have found each other. You've been a walking lesson in accepting that maybe all the bad stuff had to happen in order to make things right. Maybe it's some over-cosmic simplification that one day could become a brand new mythology just because of how the human mind tends to work. And believe me, I've wondered that possibility. It's hard not to.

But with a woman like yourself, who is literally as physically attractive as she is spiritually, it's hard not to see you as a goddess, as my Starlight. A span of years to try to find you and an added two-plus years to figure out how to fully bring you into my life. The search is still going as I write this...

So, I stand by what I said, "Even if someone else managed to whisk me away, I still want you in my life." The complications that would likely bring, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. But to you, my Starlight, even my therapist agrees that you somehow seem to embody everything I've pushed for all these years. I'm barely a certain age. I've only known a span of years of life not dedicated to this search. And even then, as you know, weird things have been happening

since the very beginning. So, it's hard not to feel like there's some sort of fate trying to push us closer.

And ironically, as I'm recording this message, you're messaging me. It's kind of creepy how you seem to do that. They always seem to pop up right as we're thinking about each other. It's weird, man. Oh well. I guess I should probably go see what you had to say.

I'll talk to you later. Love you.

Entry 6

My Dearest Starlight,

This message, I swear, is going to be more positive. I honestly feel a little excited. By the time I'm writing this, you already know what's going on, but that potential job offer I told you about—the one where I was helping with a store remodel to get hours since my usual work was essentially put on hold—I've started putting in the work to make it happen.

On the last night I worked (sorry, with night shifts, you never know what day it is), I stayed a little longer for a couple of reasons. One, part of me didn't want to go home because I had this feeling more drama was coming. I'm just done with the family drama; it's a constant cycle, and no one is making an effort to make things better. Perhaps these feelings are an indication that it's my time to take that leap.

So, while we were on break, I got to talking with the group's boss. He seemed like a pretty laid-back per-

son. We talked more about family and work, and I took the opportunity to ask him, "Hey, I'm kind of thinking about it, but what would it take to come join you guys? I'm needing something different." I even joked about it a little, mentioning a recent milestone birthday. You know, some of my older friends—some old enough to be my parents—and I guess you've done the same a little (perks of dating an older woman), all said that by that age, people go through that mentality where they realize life isn't quite what they want it to be and it's time to start getting serious.

Some could probably argue that I've been trying to get serious ever since I started pursuing ventures and especially around the same time I started investigating the unknown. I've been trying to be serious for a long time. So, I guess having some sort of insight about a potential future will do that to you, and maybe even more so when that future seems to still be unfolding. I know you're probably a little skeptical because of your health situation, but you have to keep your spirits up, you know? You have to do your best to keep good spirits. That's part of the fight. No matter whatever insanity life tries to throw at you, you have to find some way to keep pushing through.

In a lot of ways, ever since you and I started becoming closer, you reminded me of that. I know you have your situation going on, and like I said, I worry about you constantly. And I probably worry the hell out of you too, let's just face facts. I may have gotten a little

better at keeping myself distracted, but the fact that I'm recording these messages is proof enough that no distraction is quite enough to alleviate that pressure.

I'm learning as much as I want to be there to try to help you, take care of you. I even tried to look into some of the more alternative aspects of things—things with documented proof that they have some sort of effect—to see if perhaps a healing aspect could help you. I want to see if what's going on with your head doesn't have to resort to a specific procedure, because I know how much that scares you. It would scare me too under the circumstances. It's kind of ironic that I'm dating someone in the medical field when I tend to get really bad 'white coat syndrome,' but I guess in some manner, you can't necessarily fight who your heart desires.

And yes, I've been with a lot of women. I've had my fair share of flings and relationships in the past, and I've told you a lot of the highlights. I told you why I get nervous when you've gone silent.

Maybe with what's going on right now, you and I are both perhaps feeling a little... what's the word I'm looking for? The fears of what almost broke us up last year around this time are lingering because you have your situations, and I have mine.

Perhaps that's also why I'm hesitant to even try to rebuild the bridge with my former associate who reached out. As crazy as it may sound to anybody else, I warned him when I started to suspect he was getting involved with some, well, let's just say bad actors who

enjoyed stirring up drama a little too much. I warned him when I started to pick up on that—started to sense that there was going to be an impending fight, an impending breakup of the team—that he was not going to be the one I chose if I was put in a situation to keep him around or keep our close-knit group around. And this was before you and I had even started to actually get to know one another, though we knew about each other, obviously.

I warned him, and I stand by that decision. For the simple fact that, as strange as it may sound, as much as it seems like it could be the foundation for one hell of a sci-fi movie—as unbelievable as our connection is—the sheer odds of something like that happening, assuming it's all real, I'm not saying it isn't, but I'm trying to frame it in the mindset of some of our more skeptical-minded affiliations, well, let's just face it: the odds of what we are are astronomical.

But here's the thing: The odds of our story, my story, your part in it—the story that, let's face it, in a lot of ways we're still writing—Our bond saved my life. They helped me protect others. So obviously, who am I going to voluntarily choose to embrace? The people who show genuine love and care and support, regardless of the deeper nature of our connection, or am I going to support some egotistical people that think they are above others because they're trying to fulfill their own lack of self-perception?

And you know what? As much as the notion still gets under my skin because of what they almost did to us, what they tried to do to you—that notion still boils my blood—I also have to admit: had it not been for those two difficult individuals, you and I would not likely have met.

And I guess that's honestly a similar sentiment that I have to the rest of my life. As much as I would have rather not gone through losing a loved one, practically losing my family when a parent pulled a stunt; as much as I wouldn't have wanted to go through any of that, I have to acknowledge that had those things not happened, I wouldn't be who I am.

But I also have to extend the gratitude to the people that helped make sure that I would be who I am. And in a lot of ways, before you and I knew about each other, knew that we even existed in this life, that was you. That was a family member. And though the foundations of the relationship were shaky at first, that was a former partner as well. And it goes without saying that the fact that two of the three people whom I have been lucky and fortunate enough to have in this life died from illness or violence, it scares me about the potential of losing you in some sort of similar way.

I know that's probably not something you want to hear with some of your medical issues that have been coming up, but it goes without saying that all those connections—there are multiple witnesses who can testify—somehow those connections that saved my

life, that helped me become who I am today, the care and love that we've all had for each other, transcends this physical life. And regardless if that's literal or if that's just some figurative spiritual talk, it is the greatest gift anybody could possess. I wouldn't do anything to change that.

And yes, I can't say that I'm not going to fight to make it happen. So, as far as this potential new job that I'm in the crosshairs for, I don't know, maybe it's an opportunity for me to start to embrace more of the life I want to live, to start breaking the connections that I feel are literal poison in my blood. So that when the time comes, when everything comes together (and I know it will, and I'll fight to the death to make it happen), I can be the man you deserve. It just kills me that that's not there now.

But maybe the very sensations—what I've described as some sort of cruel game, where everything that I strive for, everything I've truly wanted in this life, is being dangled right now in front of me, but it's just out of reach—maybe it's not necessarily meant to be a cruel game. Maybe, just maybe, it's the universe, God, Source, whatever you want to call it. Maybe it's some higher power's way of showing me that I'm almost there. That I just have to keep going. I have to keep moving, and eventually, it'll all come to fruition.

As insane as that sounds, given our present circumstances, and I know it's going to be rough, there may be judgments, there may be heartache, but I feel as long

as you and I remember what happened last year, remember the test that the difficult people, as I've called them in some of my writings, put us through, what we swore to always do: still just check in with one another. When things seem heavy, when things seem chaotic, we just keep reminding each other we're there. We've got each other's backs. We can pull this off.

And to you, my Starlight, I'm in this for the long haul. No matter what happens. And no, no matter what signs of age you may get, or anything minor that you think may make me not want you anymore—those don't matter. Yes, I find you to be one of the most attractive women I have ever met. You literally look like an amalgamation of several people I had a crush on over the years. And sure, I'm not going to lie, it's a nice little ego boost as a man to have a woman in my life that is incredibly gorgeous. But that's not why I fell in love with you. That's not why I love you and will always hold you in my heart.

Because even though we're thousands of miles apart, you feel closer to me than my own heartbeat. And if I'm selfish for saying this, then let me be the greediest person on the planet. But that is the treasure I hold, and I will persevere and go for it until my last dying breath to keep at the search to bring it into my life.

Yours forever...

Entries 7-13

E

ntry 7

My Dearest Starlight,

I wanted to update you on the job. Essentially, I need to get a specific type of travel documentation processed before I can officially fly out. I'm prioritizing sorting that out before speaking to my direct supervisor at my current job about switching over. If this travel and remodel job works out, it will be a nice pay bump. It will help me catch up on my bills and, most importantly, help me pay back the money I still owe you faster. I know you said I didn't have to rush, but I don't like that hanging over us. I don't want you to feel like I'm taking advantage of you.

It was so good to hear your voice today. I'm guessing you didn't have much luck getting your online stream going. I was a little disappointed, but honestly, I'm just glad that you're getting out there a bit more.

As you know, I haven't been feeling well today with my head trouble, and my stomach is still giving me

trouble. It's a good thing I wasn't expected anywhere. I hope it's nothing serious. I find it ironic that I'm trying to delve back into a specific type of study—something I haven't done in a while—and my system is acting like I've over-exhausted myself. Funny how that works out.

Every time we manage to talk, you tend to still apologize for being busy or getting caught up in things. I still don't want you to worry, you know. Yes, I have my anxieties about certain things and situations I'm trying to escape, but you've been amazing and genuinely supportive of nearly all my ventures. Having you in my life has been a nice motivation. There's something about talking to you that just gives me that little extra push to overcome the anxiety of it all.

I'm sorry if I'm not making much sense or if I'm jumping around. I still have the head trouble, and it's been hard to just think. I've been trying to focus on getting my taxes done and all the usual mundane stuff, on top of legally sorting everything out with my business venture. All the paperwork on that end is still good. Oh, the struggles of being a struggling entrepreneur working a regular job—or, in my case, mostly night shifts—but you know what I mean. The joys of trying to juggle more than one life at once, and that's not even counting the private side of things.

Sorry, I'm just hearing a relative's pet or a sound in the other room. Like I said when I told you I was thinking about asking about switching jobs, my main concern was not being around as much for them. But the

truth is, part of me helping out was a compromise, a way to keep the peace because I knew my financial situation wouldn't have allowed me to get away in time when the young relative was born. I try to keep the peace because they don't deserve the familial chaos that helped make this brain work the way it does.

Like I told you, I've started to realize that holding on to this current job—which was fine when I first started and helped keep me somewhat afloat when the world went insane in 2020—is not what I want to do with my life. I've come to realize that part of the reason why my head has been acting up is because of some of the old mentalities that led me down dark thoughts of feeling like this is all I'll ever know again. Especially after traveling, doing projects in media, collaborating, meeting people all over the world, and working alongside some of the best minds in various fields that I've had the privilege of exploring just to understand myself and better my own skills.

I've realized that part of what's affecting me is that I'm feeling the world is closing in, and part of me is freaking out. Because if that world closes, it means the one thing I've been fighting for this entire time is drifting away. I can't let that happen.

So, I got to thinking, as I said in my last message, maybe this remodel gig would be a nice transition phase. I talked about this a little bit, but a lot of the people I was working with—when we had a chance to talk and get to know each other a little better—we re-

alized we had quite a bit in common. Some of them could tell that I had my own business on the side, not because they knew me from something I've worked on, but they recognized the mentality because they themselves were involved. I mean, hell, apparently that one person I told you about that I helped diagnose a likely head injury? Apparently, he's involved in combat sports in his spare time. That explains why he was so stubborn about getting to the hospital. That's more of an example, and it's me trying to keep my spirits up so I can talk.

But I have to take these steps, if I get myself on the road a bit more—even though technically it would be for a job similar to what I'm doing now, just a little bit more intense, a little more in-depth, and frankly, it sounds like I wouldn't be able to spend a whole lot of time at home. Let's face it, the closest thing I've had to home in this lifetime died when my grandfather passed away. Whatever illusion that was has been gone for almost 15 years now. And yes, after he died, I got to do some pretty amazing stuff, but truth be told, I wish I still had him. I wish that I didn't have to try to listen for his voice through various methods because I could really use his advice. Though he'd probably question my sanity about our long-distance situation. I would want to ask him how he knew my grandmother was the one he wanted to marry.

I don't know. Seeing you do that little online stream for your group earlier brought this up. Like I said, it's

hard for me to put my words together right now with my head feeling the way it is. I've been barely functional these last few hours, but I'm jealous of the people that get to see you, that get to hear from you. I miss that voice. I miss hearing you laugh. I miss the moments where it was just us. And I know if I don't make a move to at least get myself in more of a position where I'm doing more of what makes me feel good, I'm going to lose that strength.

So, maybe with this job, yes, I won't be home as much, but it'll allow me to see a little bit more of the country. Maybe when I'm not working, I can go hit up some spots in whatever towns I happen to be sent to and maybe find my people. I know you suggested maybe I should look into joining a certain type of group of my own. But after my first group—I tore that apart because one of the people I had on board had serious character flaws. There are people that just seem to be chasing opportunities in the media. And when they heard I was getting offers, it changed the dynamic for me because it didn't seem like it was becoming about the core focus, about trying to understand what was going on. And yes, being that I have contacts in the media, it may not seem like it's my place to judge. But hell, the whole reason why I pushed to create through my company is so that it would be my own little fort. Everything that gets made would be made by my vision. And maybe through my own explorations, I could

help others find that same strength. My company is my baby.

And yes, you know, there are probably going to be some people that judge me for grinding even on top of a regular job. But like they said, on average, it usually takes about five years for a business to make a profit. And my company will be barely turning three years old officially this April. So, I still have some time to go. I still have to keep going. And though, again, it's still not enough to quit my day job, some of the income expected for the next couple of months are already much higher than they were last year. So, the grind is slow. It may not be enough to stabilize myself in the mess I'm in, but we're getting there.

So, I guess to you, my starlight angel, I know you might say that this is all my doing, that the strength is all within me, but I truly do owe you a lot. And I'm not just talking about paying you back the money you sent me for the vehicle. And to be honest, I plan on sending you a little extra just as a thank you. It may not be much, but it's the least I could do. I owe you a lot. I owe you everything. I owe you my life. You've given me more than anyone else really ever has.

And yes, there's always that chance that something may happen where we go our separate ways before we officially see each other—to where we're not having to dance through busy schedules, time zones, and digital screens. I have to keep fighting for that chance. And I know it's not healthy for me to try to put this all on

you, and I'm seriously trying not to. This is just me expressing my gratitude. Me trying to let out thoughts that I've kept to myself because I know that the only way I'm going to persevere through it all is by coming out and telling the truth. No matter how much it sounds crazy or messed up or how much it hurts, I always have to keep fighting.

If it tells you anything, I've honestly found myself using a certain tool to try to use any intuitive inclinations to check in on you. You know, I'll admit there are times where I obsessively check our messages because there have been plenty of times where one of us would send a message, but the other didn't get the notification. But I told you, I worry about you. And you know where a lot of my anxiety comes from in that regard, but you were willing to meet me halfway. Sure, it took me almost leaving, finding someone else like we talked about, to really spark that. But, you know, I think it kind of reinforces the notion that maybe you and I needed this separation to truly grow.

And now that we know about each other, now that we know we're real, that these strange synchronicities that led us to working together like we did... maybe all this is our sign that we're almost there. And yes, there's probably going to be some turbulence, but you almost have to expect that when trying to maneuver the world, and the world itself seems to be going insane, am I right?

Anyway, I realize I'm blabbering on again, and this is probably one of the longest messages I've recorded. So, I'm just going to go ahead and end this here and find other ways to distract myself. Now that my head trouble is gone, maybe just listening to some tunes to help drown out the noise in my head will do some good.

Anyway, just thank you again.

Entry 8

To My Starlight ,

Hey, beautiful. I hope you're feeling better. Last time we managed a brief message, you mentioned you were trying to relax from a migraine. Is it just me, or do those seem to hit you harder during the winter? It's just a pattern I've noticed. At least, I hope that's all it is. I'm glad to hear that you got to enjoy the show you were talking about. My relative watches the TV version, so that's how I knew what you meant. I may be a bit disheartened by the paranormal field in general, but I'm still aware of the territory. But I digress.

Tonight, right now, as I'm writing this, it's just after 10:30. I went to work, but it seems like everything I'm supposed to do is already done because the remodel crew moved everything around. I'm still getting the hours, don't worry, but it feels a bit like a waste. I'm still trying to bounce back from the migraine I told you about in my last, somewhat incoherent, message. I picked up some gas and a soft drink to help settle my

stomach. I'm feeling better, just getting my digestive system back in line. Unfortunately, that's been a part of my life ever since my medical incident when I was... sheesh, I was young. I can't even get dates right. Lordy.

That probably explains why I can only vaguely remember our anniversary. We finally met properly, or at least started to get to know one another, because the event we met on happened to take place within a couple of weeks of my young relative being born. I'll admit, between you, my young relative, and general life stuff, I've found myself doing a lot of self-reflecting over the last couple of years alone. Not to get too depressive, but between some of my medical history and my darker times, even my own mother seemed to joke that I probably wouldn't be alive by the time I was 30. Dealing with the forces that unified our interests—that make our relationship just weird enough to survive all the oddities and my own backstory—there were so many other things that came up that made it seem like my 30s would be the end of my life, whether from health issues or that one vision of you being injured. Those seem to be the two predominant causes.

I know, I know the future's not set in stone. And trust me, anyone who hears these things that doesn't know our story would probably question my sanity. I've taken every measure to get myself tested, from therapists to doctors and psychologists, including advanced imaging and screening for certain conditions af-

ter I heard a potentially unreliable source mention a relative on my father's side had it.

It sounds like I'm trying to make amends with some of my other siblings I don't get to see, to rebuild those bridges. Those plans have been foiled by at least one of my sisters wanting to play the victim because of what our father did to her. Yet somehow, that one managed to get married. And if it's true that she seems to be doing better ever since this guy came into her life, well, it's good. At least some sort of course correction came out of it.

Which brings me to the life changes I was talking about with that traveling remodel job. Currently, the plan is to track down my birth certificate and other necessary documents so I can get my ID situated. Something about the driver's license in my location is not fully compatible with the rest of the country, and I saw a news article that they're charging people who don't have the right identification an added fee when they go through ID check at the airport. Yes, I need to renew my passport too, but getting the ID situated is going to be the fastest and cheapest route. That way, I can open myself up to actually take on this potential new job. But that's a whole different thing.

I don't know, going into work tonight and knowing I wasn't going to have company, for lack of a better word, felt a little depressing. I was starting to open up and get to know some of the guys on the crew. And like I said, they seem to be the right kind of crazy, where a

guy like me could get pretty far, you know? And that's saying something with someone of my history. Like I said, there are probably going to be several people that doubt my legitimacy when it comes to the supernatural. But you know what? I have receipts. I have proof that I'm catching evidence of something happening.

What does that have to do with the remodel job? I don't know. Just a little tangent trying to sneak its way in. But in a weird way, it sort of validates what I've been feeling for some time: this feeling that I don't belong. They would say that's a common feeling with people who feel they may be "star seeds" or in similar situations, and that's the allure of a lot of those new-age groups.

Quite frankly, as someone who's delved into old Western outlaw stories, certain historical conspiracies, done personal experiments to draw out unexplained aerial phenomena, made contact with the unknown, gone on ghost hunts, cryptozoological hunts, and has the validation from several big names out there that I'm putting in the work and I'm damn good at what I do—sorry, tangent again—it's a validation that even though my location actually has some of the longest history with UAP sightings in the US, someone like me, who has always had these interests, these desires, these callings, doesn't fit in with the small-town mentality. I never have.

Well, that's a lie. I wanted to, but anytime I tried, it felt like I was sacrificing a part of my soul just to fit

in with people that wouldn't care if I suddenly disappeared. That sensation, growing up in the small town where I grew up, isolated me no matter where I lived. The fact that I stood over everybody in areas where the only points of interest seemed to be church or small-town sports, and I had absolutely no genuine interest to participate in either one in spite of my history, that seemed to make me enough of an outsider for some people to try to beat the living hell out of me. It's hard, especially for how long I've carried these feelings, to let go.

I've even tried to get involved with certain ghost hunting groups, even start up my own, just to maintain that drive to figure out what was going on. Do I believe in high strangeness? Absolutely. But I also believe that a good chunk of people dedicated to this are either idiots, frauds, or just in it to boost their lack of self-confidence. And perhaps on some level, I'm just as guilty on those fronts.

I know the conversation we had when I told you that my former associate tried to reach out and apologize the first time he did, and I was skeptical. You pointed out that I didn't necessarily have to bring him back into the fold, but I could still work with him, even though I didn't like him. I know that's not exactly what you said, but basically, you said I can still be civil, still be somewhat professional in regards to him. But honestly, hun, with someone like that—someone who tried to twist something that I held very dear, something

that was a part of my life much longer than you and I have known each other—he tried to twist the ideas of me being in the loop of the unknown, me doing all this stuff, even though I've warned him several times that what I get involved in is not just some simple, you know, jump through the graveyard. The cases I've taken on, they've drawn blood. I've seen people burn. I still have the image of someone ending their life in a violent manner burned into my brain. There are nights I still hear the screaming, the agony, the smell of burning flesh.

And with everything I went through, there were points where I wondered if I was hallucinating. And I probably was, because it was my head trying to bridge the gap between someone I thought I was never going to see again and the cruel reality that I was hurting with things that would have killed most people. So when he started to do that, I gave him a warning that if I found out he was faking it, deliberately faking it, I can forgive. I can more or less forgive someone who's an idiot and is trying to learn, trying to do better. I can work with that. That's one thing. But to be deliberate in trying to twist everything to make themselves into something bigger, into something that they're not... I've even brought in others to help me profile the individual, fearing that my own judgment was too clouded for being too close with this guy. And even they were saying that yeah, there may be something going on, but he's trying to twist facts into his favor to boost his own ego.

So after he tried to join in the crusade to go against you because you were trying to help someone else out, someone that used to be his ex-partner, I'm disheartened. I'm disillusioned by the idea of joining a group focused on the unknown because I've been burned too many times with their actions that went against everything I stood for, everything I will continue to stand for until my last breath. I mean, hell, the group I met that guy through, they tried to justify a serious crime, tried to burn me because I had a problem with it when they knew about my father and what he did. They knew. They tried to burn me for it. So, I made sure to destroy them because I will be damned if I stand by and let anybody hurt an innocent child. As I will be damned if I stand by and let someone try to hurt you. And I may be thousands of miles away and not be able to do much, but I stand by that sentiment.

The vision I saw of our potential daughter, almost 18, maybe 19 years ago now, that was a notion that helped give me strength to push me through some of the darkest things I've ever experienced, to help fight against the thoughts of ending it. And I still stand that it's within the high 90th percentile, especially after the potential daughter's younger sibling identified you as the very woman I've been searching for, identified you as the potential mother. I'm leaving it at the 90th percentile just to leave a margin for error, just to acknowledge how the odds are stacked against the entirety of this situation.

But regardless of whether or not it's true, you have shown me nothing but love. You have shown me kindness. You have been there. You have helped me when the very people that you would think are supposed to be there to help me were eager to burn me at every turn. I didn't even tell you everything that they said or were doing to try to stir the pot, because I'll admit I almost lost control. They almost pushed me to the point of no return. But giving into that notion means giving up potentially finally seeing you. It's bridging that gap.

You have shown nothing but love. You have shown nothing but kindness, generosity. And even on the times where we started to butt heads, yeah, you were willing to call me out. But that made me love and respect you even more, because to me, someone who's willing to say—you know, I know I'm a big intimidating guy, but I know that I scare people—so when someone is willing to call me out, address that I'm being an inconsiderate person and tell me what's going on, I respect that. I keep those people around because those are people that are genuine.

And I'm not going to care about our age difference that you're getting older. You're getting wrinkled, getting gray hairs. How can I judge? If I let my hair grow out long enough, if I were to let my bald head grow out just enough, you would see I already have gray hairs myself. And I'm younger. I just barely turned 30 on a date in January. And as I'm writing this, this is a date in February. I mean, you look close enough to my beard,

you can see gray hairs. I already got a salt-and-pepper thing going on and I'm just barely 30. Damn it. I'm just barely 30.

I don't know. Like I said, the big 3-0 tends to make everybody start to re-evaluate things, right? I haven't been living life fully the way I want to. Yeah, I have my creative project. Yeah, that's let me take on some creative projects that I've always wanted to do since I was a kid. I've tried to make the whole journey behind it that it started out dealing with ghosts and UAPs and all that, but my project, I've tried to do my best to make it about giving a platform, showing people how to tell their story, no matter how maddening, no matter how insane, no matter how scary it may seem, to be able to tell their story, because there are things out there that need to be confronted. I mean, just look at all the stuff that's coming out about certain high-profile case files for God's sake. And it's not going to be until we break through that mold, tell those stories without fear, without fear of judgment. Because let's face it, too many people in this world are so cluttered by their own fears and judgments that they're eager to tear anybody down that stands out.

I don't want to live like that. I don't want to live in a comfortable box, especially when aspects of my generosity, aspects about who I am, are being taken advantage of. Yeah. I mean, there are people that questioned when I mentioned about my young relative barging in the last time we managed to have one of our video

dates. But realistically, she's only in her "terrible twos." I can't let myself get too mad. It was just the situation we were in. Hell, she barged in on me while I was in the shower. Figures that's going to be the time her mother actually gets her out of there before things become real embarrassing. But I digress. I'm starting to go off on a tangent. I'm sorry. That's not what I wanted to start these projects to do.

But you know, I'll say it before and I'll say it again. You've been the closest thing, our relationship has been the closest thing to home I've felt in a long time. Yeah. Hopping in my large vehicle, the old vehicle you helped me buy, and driving off when things get rough just so I have some sort of feeling of the future. I want to just be relaxing in the mundane of just sitting back, relaxing in what feels like home. It sounds weird, I know, but that car is so much more than a car. Because it was you that helped me get it, there's a bit more of a sentimental value. Yeah, I know it's just a car and one of these days it'll reach the end of its life, but that's not the point.

The point is, regardless if our supernatural side turns out to come fully into fruition, "Starlight" was not just a nickname that I came up with to try to be poetic, to try to talk sweet nothings in your ear. It was damn sure not to just try to get you naked at one point, even though there has been that accusation. The car represents simply the ability to go and be who I am. And with that journey, I carry with me the one per-

son that matters most. The person I want nothing more than to hold in my arms and not let go. The person I know—because I'm already doing it at just the thought of it—the person I know I will not be able to stop crying when I finally get to see in person, and should I have to go back home, to go back away.

So, I guess that kind of solidifies why pushing for this job is maybe the next step for me, at least. Some people I've talked to questioned if I would be sacrificing being able to talk with you, to have our video dates, and maybe to some extent, yes. But holding out, it's like an old mentor told me once, if I were to get a glimpse of the future, just sitting at home doing nothing is going to be the worst thing to do because I could make that future go away. If I want that future to come to fruition, I have to meet the universe halfway. I got to put in the work, the drive, the determination to show that I'm willing to go all the way. I'm willing to do what it takes. And there's probably going to be some sacrifice if it goes to a certain length. But I have hope. I have faith. Because even the more skeptical side of my mindset, even that side of me can agree that not pushing myself to strive for just the metaphor alone, regardless of how much of the high strangeness was legit, striving for the metaphorical meaning alone is reason enough to keep going. And that's what I plan on doing.

To you, my starlight angel, I owe you an endless, lifelong, and compounding debt of gratitude and love. I hope by me sharing some of these messages like

this, I hope that you don't feel that I'm trying to tie you down, try to discourage you from pursuing your dreams. When I say that I'm jealous of those who get to see you, I'm not. Much like how I was motivated to start trying to lose a little bit of weight while you were doing the same, I feel that drive to start living for me. Because let's face it, how else am I supposed to become the man you deserve? The father that our children deserve, if I don't work on allowing the man who I want to be to truly be free.

And it's funny, as I'm talking about this out loud, I'm starting to realize how many times I've snuck that very idea, that very ideal about us into some of my best works, my top-selling books, the some movie scripts that I've been a part of. That spark of you managed to creep its way into every single one of them and it gave it a whole new light.

So yeah, it might be crazy, but I choose you.

Entry 9

My Dearest,

It's just after 5:00 in the morning here, and I know it's the middle of the day for you. I truly hope your day shift is going well and that you're not dealing with any of the headaches you mentioned.

I want to say something important, quickly. You know my history, and I've made no effort to hide it, because pretending I'm totally okay with our situation

would only cause more grief. Please, never feel the need to apologize to me for getting sidetracked with life, regardless of what you have going on—whether it's work, not feeling well, or even going off on an adventure on your side of the world.

I never want you to feel like I'm a chain around you, or that you have to cater to my anxieties. The moment that happens, it will only build resentment for both of us, and that isn't healthy.

I've said it a million times, and I'll say it again: you are likely the only person I want to keep in my life for as long as possible. I know you've worried about our age difference and the fact that we are currently in two different worlds. Even if we were to pull off the impossible and close the gap, it would require a level of sacrifice that would make anyone wonder if it was worth it.

There are probably skeptics about our connection—people who have heard my side of the story through my work. Some may even question whether or not you truly exist. But I'm not trying to prove the existence of something magnificent to closed-minded people; that would only cause frustration. All I'm trying to do is show that this, whatever it is we have, is real.

I'll admit, last night I snapped at a family member because they started making remarks about you, and I didn't take kindly to it. I'm doing my best to be less volatile in my language. The circumstances behind what we're doing and who we are are astronomical. The effort it would take to fully prove the existence of

something truly extraordinary that has happened between us—something that has forged us and allowed us to become who we are—would require Herculean efforts for people who show nothing but willful ignorance. There's no point in arguing with them; it only takes time away from something truly special.

I'll continue to tell the stories that come from this, whether they inspire fictional narratives or whatever comes next. They are grand, epic, and almost mythological. Considering the tests we've gone through to stick by each other for this long, I honestly think what we have is an amazing gift.

People in love use metaphors—butterflies in the stomach, perfection, and so on. But how many people on this earth can genuinely say they can look to the stars and see the legacy of their love staring right back at them? As strange as that may seem, it's truly something else.

Some psychological-minded people might question if our "mythology," for lack of a better word, serves as a coping mechanism for dealing with the stress of not being physically together. To some extent, maybe it does. But honestly, I believe—and I think you've said this yourself—that us backing each other through all we've experienced has made us closer to the people we wanted to be.

From my perspective, it honestly intensifies the urge for me to somehow build a monument to you, a way to immortalize how I feel so that no matter

how many snide remarks come up, that monument still stands. *We* still stand.

One idea I've had is putting the transcriptions of these little audio diaries into a book, perhaps mixing in as many of the songs and poems you've inspired to create a personal archive of what we've managed to create for this world. I know you might say, "Oh, that was all you." No, you were just as much a part of it. Your fire helped ignite those processes. Sure, there have been songs and poems for others—it's always been my way of trying to comprehend my emotions because simply *saying* what's going through my head is hard. Since you've come into my life, it's become easier, but it was always simpler to put my intentions, thoughts, fears, and hopes into a poem or song, giving this pent-up energy in my chest an outlet.

Anytime I write a fictional series with loose threads inspired by us, it allows me to perhaps rehearse different scenarios of how our life could play out. People would be right to question the sanity of someone like me putting so much focus on someone I haven't even physically seen in person.

But the help you offered is the ultimate example that brings me to this conclusion. Even though I didn't want you to, even though I didn't want the money hanging over us because I knew it would take a while to pay you back, you loaned me that money so I could get back on my feet. You made a tangible effort, whereas

my family ridiculed and mocked me, looking for every chance to tear me down.

At this point, I have to do what's right for me. I have to go, as you said. I have to get out there. I found my happiness on the road because I was not in that vicinity, not breathing the poison spewed by the family member, not feeling like my own blood was acid. I need to be free if I'm going to keep pushing to become the man I want to be—a man as close as possible to the man you deserve. I have to be free.

Unfortunately, I'm having a little trouble finding that damn birth certificate to get the documentation in order for this new job. I have everything else. I just need to find that. I need to calm down.

The debt relief company I hooked up with a while back has done a pretty good job of getting quite a few of my debts settled. That process alone will take a couple of years. So, to get on the move, I do have a plan, and it is in motion, but the biggest thing is going to be bringing in more money. I do have a little bit of good news on that front: my creative project is bringing in some of my biggest royalty checks yet. That will help a lot, and I can put some of that money towards paying you back, as well as my tax return when that comes through.

I truly wish growing up life was going to be as simple and as fun as we thought when we were little kids. I think everybody feels like that, but I can't let myself sit

in the darkness anymore. You being in my life gave me so much more to live for and helped remind me of that.

With this new job, my initial hesitation was not being as available for our video calls. But I also got to thinking that, depending on where I'm sent, I might actually be an hour closer to you time zone-wise—giving new meaning to that daylight savings song I wrote on my last album, I guess.

My dearest, I hope you stick with me through this grind. I know you have your own messes and situations in life, and you feel like you've been getting a little side-tracked lately. But I hope to see you at the end of that light.

Take care. I love you forever and always.

Entry 10

Hey, you.

I went to bed, as I told you, around the same time you did, but I just can't seem to fall back asleep. There's a lot running through my mind that I really wish wasn't. You'd think someone whose life was practically defined by impossible odds and time paradoxes—seeing things others miss—wouldn't be trapped by the mundane.

Honestly, I keep telling you not to worry when you go a while without messaging me, simply because you get caught up in whatever insanity is going on in your side of the world. Well, I'm not going to sugarcoat it:

that's what makes hearing from you that much more special.

I suppose, on some level, my reaction to dealing with others could be considered a bit of a trauma response; I don't necessarily care for small talk or meaningless conversations anymore. I never really have, for that matter. I treasure those conversations that—well, we have similar values, but there's an intellectual side to things. There's almost a spiritual level to it. Something about it sticks with you, leaving you thinking long after the conversation has passed. And it goes without saying that our long list of oddities and synchronicities... well, soulmates or not, it certainly keeps things interesting, doesn't it?

I guess I'm just kind of reflecting a little bit right now. Once again, another massive argument with my family happened over the stupidest situation. And I think they're starting to catch on just how much I'm trying to distance myself from them. If I manage to pull off getting this new travel remodel job, then it's essentially going to be me moving out without actually moving out. Yes, I'll still have mail coming to the house, so it's where my license lists me. I will unfortunately have to leave my cat, [Pet's Name], behind until I find some sort of more permanent arrangement. I honestly hate to give her up. I've gotten way too attached to that cat. And the slight chance that she's a gift from our "star kids" makes her that much more sentimental, much like how I felt when you and I first started talking and

things started getting to be a bit more emotional, shall we say? I still have no clue why this cat warmed up to me so much. It's not that I've ever been bad with animals; I'm usually pretty good, but that attachment she had was something else. But I'm not complaining. It's just something I've always wondered about. I'm definitely going to have to figure out some way to check on her while I'm on the road, too. Maybe utilizing my little smart home device as a pet-checking camera. That's actually not a bad idea.

But anyway, I digress. I got a little sidetracked there. I really don't want to fill in the details of the fight more than necessary, but basically, as you might remember, some family members are planning on going on a road trip, and needless to say, the stress of ensuring everything at home is still going to be taken care of is being turned into practically burning the place down at the slightest inconvenience, and I was being pinged in the middle of it. So honestly, instead of just taking the blows, I made sure to confront both sides and tell them, "Why don't you actually start screaming at the people you're actually pissed off at instead of dragging me into this?"

I keep saying that *she* doesn't want to come home if there's just going to be fighting. She's the one who feels like she's practically instigating it half the time, and it's why *I* don't want to be here. I had to clarify myself quite a few times because, for instance, even in therapy, if I mentioned I don't want to be here any-

more, naturally (and I understand, I don't blame him, I'm not upset about it), but naturally when you talk like that near a therapist, they are going to start prying to make sure that language isn't, you know, me talking about doing something drastic.

In a way, that's what truly opened my eyes to the supernatural, and I still hold the belief that the 16-year search that led up to finding you, and the time we've been together... God, I've been chasing that, trying to understand that situation for almost 20 years. And there have been some people that question whether or not that notion puts pressure on things. To which I'm happy to respond that, well, you are pretty good about trying to offer alternate explanations to try to make sure that I'm not jumping to certain conclusions. The fact that you at least have a genuine interest in the supernatural helps so much in trying to process everything.

And as you could probably imagine, those fights underway delayed the freaking search for my vital document even further, which I'm not happy about. And the fact that I'm trying to do this—the timing of it—is being turned into a fight even more so, because apparently these people expect me to just drop everything in my life to cater to them when they want to go somewhere. I'm sorry. I shouldn't take this out on you. I'm not taking this out on you. Just thinking out loud, I suppose. In one respect, it's a good sign that I still hold

you in high regard and high trust. I feel like I could share this with you.

Oh, I don't know what else to do. I've got to keep sticking to my guns, as they say. I can't let them dictate things anymore. Why would I? Constantly throwing around accusations, stirring up fights over nothing. I don't want that life. I don't want this anymore.

I've had people ask me if I would quit doing my creative pursuits like my paranormal investigations and music and all these other weird and creative little projects I get myself into now that I found you, and I'm just like, why would I turn that away? Yes, there have been aspects of this that I jumped into as a way to distract myself from some truly messed up things going on at the time. When I was a kid and got my start, I was thinking about doing ghost hunting for a little bit. But after finding out about [personal information removed], that gave me the nudge. I needed something. Something that let me get away. Something that was my own.

I'm just—I'm sorry. You said it yourself. I need to get out. I need to go. I need to get back to where I'm seeing the world, I'm experiencing life. And going back to the little question I had before, people ask me about quitting this stuff. It's like, no. When you've had something that gives you warmth, that started a fire that helped you burn your way into an incredible life, incredible opportunities, meaningful relationships—why would you suddenly quit? You have to keep that fire going, which

I guess is a lot of the reason why part of me tends to worry when you get busy, or like today, you said you were feeling a head cold starting to set in and you were sleeping it off. I don't want what made us *us* to stagnate. No matter how old we may get, no matter how brittle our bones may feel, no matter what heartaches come next, why would you want to kill that fire? You and I both were already put through the wringer that almost made us walk away. But we're still here. We're still going in our own little way. We're still going. It may be unconventional, but let's face it, especially since [Year 1], [Year 2], nobody who's paying attention to the world would disagree that the world's gone crazy. So maybe, so maybe everybody else in the world needs to be just a little bit crazy themselves to make something happen, you know?

I'd like that. And it's that little bit of crazy that made me fall in love with you so much. I don't know how the hell you managed to get me to open up the way I did, but I've said it before and I'll say it again: something about you just felt safe to do so. Something about you took a [Height/Weight Removed] bald guy with a reputation for scaring the hell out of monsters and broke him down. Stripped him naked, yet still made him feel warm, made him feel safe, made him feel loved. How the hell did you do it?

So, no matter what happens, I'm keeping you around, as long as you're willing to put up with me. And I know there are days where I can be a bit stubborn, a

bit of an ass, but I respect the hell out of the fact that you were willing to call me out when those situations came up. And I know in my heart that you made me a better man. That I'm a few steps closer to being who I want to be because of how much that warmth inside your soul means to me.

And sure, a friend of mine happened to see your picture on my phone background. He thought I was the luckiest person on earth to have a woman in my life as gorgeous as you, who literally looks like an amalgamation of every celebrity I had a crush on growing up. Much to him, all I had to say was, "You should see the way that heart beats." Yes, you're easy on the eyes, but seeing the way your heart beats, the way your soul glows in the night—that's what keeps me going. And I thank you for that.

So to you, to you, my starlight angel, please don't ever lose that. Let that fire burn. Let it burn anybody who dares try to take it away from you.

I love you forever and always.

Entry 11

To You, My Light,

I finally found a quiet moment. My sister and niece are asleep, and my parent won't be back for at least an hour and a half; they had to take a last-minute day shift. They weren't happy about it, but a co-worker needed an emergency trip to say goodbye to a family

member and introduce them to a new baby before that relative passes away. Even with my own family turmoil, I have to be understanding of circumstances like that. It's a sad but inevitable part of life, and I'm not so heartless as to lack compassion. But that's a conversation for another time.

I assume you're probably busy modding for your friends across the pond. I try to pop into your groups—a friend of yours is a friend of mine, after all—but the time difference and my changing priorities often get in the way. I think some of them might have seen my video where I mentioned I'm not a fan of live-streaming paranormal investigations. Interviews are one thing, but when I'm working in the field, I don't want to waste time blabbering to strangers who feel ignored if I don't acknowledge them. That's a whole other debate about social media, though, and I'm not here to rant about trivial things. We can have a meeting of the minds on that later, if you like.

I truly miss our video dates. The time difference makes it difficult, but I miss that feeling of just you and me. However, I can't let myself dwell on that. It's not about you; I know we both have our own lives and goals. As my therapist put it, we're "two ships passing in the night on completely different oceans." I hate that analogy, but I've had to accept its truth. I can't let myself sulk. If I get too absorbed in the frustration of not being able to see you, I lose the energy and poten-

tial needed to actually make that happen. I have to re-focus.

I do have some good news, though! My birth certificate was finally located, with my sister's help. I find it a bit funny that with this potential new job, I'd technically be moving out without *physically* moving my stuff. I'll still be checking in, making sure my bed is made, setting up a nice cat perch, and using my smart devices to keep an eye on my pet cat. Unfortunately, the local licensing office isn't open until Monday, so I'm chilling this weekend and catching up on bills. My federal tax refund came surprisingly fast, which is rare. It helped me knock out a few debts and catch up on rent to my parent. I still think it's fair to contribute since I'm living in their house, and when I get the new job, I'll still send them money since they'll be watching my cat. It's the least I can do, and I don't want to spook my pet by taking her away from a place she considers home, at least not until I find a more permanent arrangement.

I had a realization today—I think I'm finally growing up a bit. I felt a sense of relief getting those bills and debts cleared. It means we can keep moving forward. I did treat myself a little with some video game stuff, just to make sure the "main unit" (me) is taken care of during this transition.

Honestly, I feel like I'm dancing around what I really want to say: I'm nervous; I'm anxious to take this step. My therapist has been trying to reframe my mindset

so I'm not clinging to the idea of our relationship as a lifeline, but it still feels like you're the only one truly backing me up. Sure, I'm mending bridges with my little brother, but he's an adult with his own life. I waited nearly 11 years for the rest of the kids to at least become legal adults so they could better handle the truth of everything, and I'm still reeling from it. Yet, I'm glad they seem to be finding their freedom.

It nags at me that everyone I care about eventually goes away. I know it's natural; they're growing up and living their lives. But I've had some major realizations about myself. I clung so hard to being the "lone wolf" to drown out how much I hate being alone. I can easily charm a crowd at an event—you've seen me on shows—and I channel that anxiety into creative energy that helps me power through. But at the same time, that means my psychological profile isn't too different from someone who was a brilliant but troubled performer. God, that was a dark turn, huh? I digress.

You've been nudging me to get out into the world more, and I have been. Morbid as it sounds, I've been looking through some of the recently released classified files for my own research and morbid curiosity, and just to make sure none of my high-profile contacts are in there. So far, no one I personally worked with is listed, and I had good confidence they were decent people, sharing the belief that predators, especially child predators, should be beaten near to death, not

killed—because death is a freedom from punishment and the memory of their actions.

As sensitive people like us know, memory lives on even after death. It becomes part of the shadows, the fabric of the universe, the ghost in the night. You'd think that the others you and I have encountered during our paranormal investigations—or me with my reports on unknown phenomena—would take the stories of those we look for and reflect on the lessons they leave behind for those of us still in this mortal realm. I don't know, that's just me. I've always preferred when those situations and discussions leave you with something to think about.

Maybe half the drama that steers people like me away from major groups wouldn't be an issue if more people realized the immense power within themselves. They don't necessarily need a higher power, extraterrestrials, or, in my case, Lights to give them a moral compass or guidance to better themselves. But, having some ideal or figure to cling to can be a powerful motivator. This has been the middle ground I've worked with my therapist and skeptics on regarding the "relationship paradox" and your connection to it. Yes, it may not pan out in a way that aligns with everything I've put together. But, ever since a certain child pointed you out at a friend's wedding, I am 90% certain that you are the one I've been looking for.

Because of the magnitude of that belief—clinging to what you and my friend represent in my life: hope for

a better future, hope for love—it doesn't truly matter if it ends up being literally true, does it?

This isn't me giving up on being with you. This isn't me saying I'm walking out of your life because the long distance is hard. Even now, after everything you've done for me, I still want to strangle anyone who speaks negatively about you. I don't, because that would destroy everything I've worked for, but I'll be damned if I ever give up that fight. I am still here because I have a reason to fight. I'm fighting to make my life better, to make things happen. And if fate deems me worthy, I'll fight until the end of my life to let you know how much you mean to me, how truly beautiful and magnificent you are.

Loving you may feel like an addiction, but I hope it's a sensation I never recover from. Some people worry that I've deified you, put you on a pedestal. And yes, maybe I have. I know that even with your beautiful aura, you're a human being with flaws. But I honestly pity those who think so little of me that they believe I would care less about you because of your flaws. They haven't found someone truly special enough in their lives for those little imperfections to be meaningless.

I would give anything to have a clean slate, to have my independent work be my sole source of income, to have enough funds to afford a nice house, maybe some land for animals to run around, a place where the one I call my wife can find peace at the end of her day, and where my kids can build crucial memories at the begin-

ning of their lives. I would give anything to have that moment right now: a life where the only thing holding someone back is working out the petty logistics, where the only thing slowing them down is the time it takes to build something to last, a life where truly nothing is impossible.

I cling to the hope for those little, mundane moments that most people take for granted: doing laundry together, grocery shopping, going for a walk. I cling to the hope for those moments with you. But at the same time, I dream of the grand: the wild adventures, the crazy paranormal investigations in ancient places that could rewrite human history, finding ways to talk one-on-one with people from the stars, maybe even spending some time in the limelight. I'm hoping for it all—every bit of the potential, every bit of the mundane, every grand adventure, every deep, raw, intimate night where we're left tangled in skin and sweat, barely clinging to life because the passion within our hearts took away every bit of logic.

I want to make it happen; I've never hidden that from you.

But at the end of the day, to you, my Light, for this moment right now, there are only two things I can truly thank you for from the bottom of my heart.

Thank you for loving me, and thank you for helping me open my eyes to the knowledge that that future—whether or not you and I get to share it—is still very much a possibility.

Forever in my heart, my Light.

Entry 12

Hey,

It's February 9th, just before 3:00 in the morning my time. Work finished up quickly, allowing me to come home early to relax and try to catch up on compiling these diary entries into the book. I started digging through some of our old messages to find the poems I sent you, hoping to include them in the book for a nice touch.

But going through our old chats... God, what did you do to me? I mean that in the best way possible. I'm looking at messages from a past month and year, right around when we started getting more intimate. Reading them now honestly blows my mind—everything I said and how much I was willing to share with you.

If I had known how much you would mean to me, how much I would want to cling onto you for dear life... even with the prevailing theory that you and I are soul-mates from another life, knowing beforehand would have ruined the magic, the significance of it all.

From how much you tried to help me with a family situation, to how you got me to talk about the guilt I used to feel—like I was about to hurt someone anytime I got sexual—and how the only thing that made sense of that feeling was the possibility of a past trauma that I can't remember. Even as I say this, I swear I see some-

one trying to walk up behind me as if they're trying to comfort me. Maybe it's you. Maybe it's your higher self.

This is why I feel so protective of you. If anyone speaks negatively about you, every part of my being wants to rip them to shreds. This connection means something that I will never be able to let go of, regardless of what happens with us. And I wouldn't *want* to let go.

Somehow, you saw me. You saw through the act, the charm, even my lame attempts at being charming—me trying to mimic the charm that a certain character had just to keep talking to you. How did you see me?

I don't know, and I'm not complaining in any way, shape, or form. You saw through me. You saw through the 'monster' others made me feel like. You saw the truth, even if you didn't realize it at the time. There were others in my family who hurt me. If you want to read about it, I think I'm putting out the results of the AI therapy experiment I did over the holidays around an upcoming date—that's if you want to read through the therapy transcripts.

I know how things have been with you for a while, and you probably won't find the time for a proper read. That's okay. I'm not making it required or anything. The purpose of these audio diaries was a way for me to reach out to you, let you hear my voice—every crack, every stutter, every break—because I'm finally trying to do what needed to be done for some time: I'm trying to break free. I'm trying to get away.

I found it kind of suspicious that my sister was willing to be a little more helpful in trying to find my birth certificate after I mentioned I'd be "technically moving out without physically moving out." That's because if I get this new traveling remodel job, I'll be traveling a lot—a different city every week, or however long it takes to finish the job.

I was just distracted for a second, reading through more of our early chats, trying to pinpoint exact dates. It looks like around a past month and year is when we really started to get to know each other.

Back to the travel remodel job... I really should probably get to bed, but I'll finish this first. I feel like you're probably right when it comes to this potential job; it'll be an excellent opportunity. If I get it, I'll get to travel more. Unfortunately, it seems like it's going to cause a bit more of a fight than I had hoped.

Like I mentioned before, a relative has taken my grandmother to the town she was born in for her birthday road trip. They were wanting me to house-sit and keep an eye on all fifteen of her cats. I think that's the current count, though only three are physically in the house. My grandmother became the official crazy cat lady, and it sounds like the outdoor cats went exploring and told everybody else around. I'm still wondering if one of the cats that shows up is actually a mountain lion. Kind of cool, but kind of scary.

Anyway, I'm getting sidetracked. I do find it funny that it's not just you who has said that breaking away

from my family was much needed for my mental health. I'll be honest, previous partners said the same thing, but because of what happened with them, I kind of tossed aside their sentiment. And I'm fairly certain you'll know exactly who I'm talking about when I say it was the only ex that makes me feel like I need a riot shield if she ever tries to message me again. But that's another discussion for another time.

I suppose it's a good sign that digging up and going through these messages and still feeling that same intensity—or perhaps *more* intensity now that we've built up a history together—is good. The walls I had up when I met you are nearly gone now. That in itself amazes me.

So I guess to you, my starlight angel, I hope that in the long run, and even now, I'm able to do as much for you as you've done for me. I owe you an unrepayable debt of gratitude, regardless of what happens in this next chapter that I feel is unfolding for both of us.

I've said it once, I'll say it again, and I'll probably say it a million times more: I hope that when it comes time for the end of this book, you're with me till the end. Whatever form that may take, I just hope that you're with me till the end. And that you're able to find and enjoy life as freely, as wonderfully, as vibrantly as possible because I hope that I can eventually become half the person you say you see in me.

I love you.

Entry 13

My Dearest

I'm going to apologize in advance if I seem incoherent in this message. I've been awake since about 6:00 p.m. last night, and it's now just before 9:30 in the morning. I've just been on the go all night.

I know you're busy at work. You told me you're taking your *patience* out tonight, which I'm sure will be fun. I know it's Valentine's themed, but maybe that's what has me in this state. It's a weird feeling to have this connection between us, but not really be able to properly celebrate. And honestly, I've always viewed people who wait until Valentine's Day to express their love as kind of lazy. But, at the same time, you have to admit that with how centered we are on our own problems, how isolated everybody is, and how busy we all become, sometimes having those little dates as reminders of what matters is necessary. They shouldn't be relied upon, but I guess every now and then we need little reminders of what truly matters, especially as the world seems to continue to become more insane, or at the very least, people are actually fessing up to how insane it always has been. And that's saying something coming from someone like me.

Oh well. I've been meaning to ask—or I think I asked, but you just got kind of caught up, or I don't know, maybe the message didn't go through with all these weird cyber attacks going on or making it hard to keep up through technology—excuse me—but I've

been meaning to ask you: Have you ever heard the song "Electric Blue"? It's by a group called Icehouse. It sounds weird, but the song—give it a listen when you get a chance—because honestly, a lot of the lyrics describe my feelings towards you, especially when I'm wanting to reach out, but you have other things going on. I really am trying not to spiral or revert to some of my old patterns, but old habits die hard, as they say.

So, like I said before, I figured recording these messages could be a compromise, something to maybe show you in the event something happens and you start to go, maybe you start going back to worrying about how people might leave you one day. Which honestly blows my mind because I know people can be cruel. I know better, probably better than most people. But I honestly hope I'd never understand the mentality of someone who would want to leave you, if I'm completely honest.

But back to the song, I don't know. Like I told you, my niece seems to respond really well to old songs. And my mother made a remark that apparently "Electric Blue" was actually one of my grandfather's favorite songs. I honestly didn't know that. So in a way, between seeing my niece (you know, I try to attempt to dance to it), how it makes me think of you, and knowing that it was my grandfather's favorite song, it connects three of the people that matter to me the most in this world.

Yeah, I guess my therapist was right. We pretty much built a myth, or me more so—I know the whole mythology around our relationship. And honestly, I know it's a remark meant to try to help me ground myself back to Earth, to realize, you know, it's going to have flaws, it's going to have issues. But a poetic mythology... Even I can't deny the comparisons. I mean, the one vision that led me to try finding you in this life was brought on because I hung myself. And that sounds—that almost is the exact playbook, you know, the story of Odin. Odin out of Norse mythology, where he sacrificed his eye and hung himself from the tree of knowledge to gain wisdom. Wasn't from a tree, but in a way, that day opened me up so much. And yeah, people can speculate that this all may be some elaborate psychological construct meant to combat—what was the term they used?—in order to combat the darkness in a weak mind, in a weak heart, to motivate me to keep going.

But let's face it, yeah, I've gone through tests myself to check for any abnormalities, but everything came out clear. Even my therapist admits that while some of my stories may be extreme, mythological, or sound like something out of a movie, even she has to admit that I'm too coherent for it to be an easily diagnosed condition. And even though I want to try to get some feedback from a neurobiologist, I honestly believe that the full scope of what the human mind is capable of, psychic visions and all, can't be properly quantified un-

til we develop some sort of implant that measures the human brain. And if the schematics that my artificial intelligence systems put together hold weight, I don't think I would want that surgery. It's a little too invasive.

But honestly, in the same light, if that's what it took to try to prove this, to prove my experiences, my stories, I'd almost be tempted to volunteer myself, knowing that one wrong move could completely destroy my mind. In a way, even now as I'm talking about it out loud, even I have to admit just how high the stakes are in trying to understand all this, to try to do it right instead of falling for some of the easy traps. Maybe part of me is over-analytical, but I want to see somebody else make that journey—for as long as I was on it—questioning whether or not the one thing that pushed them to stay alive was some sort of hallucination, or if it was a one-in-a-perhaps-trillion chance of something truly extraordinary. The constant debate, constantly trying to check off whatever made-up checklist that seemed like it made sense with how I understood things at the time against every potential date I've had. It honestly doesn't seem like anybody in the world has that kind of attention span, you know.

But in the end, it doesn't matter. The visions, the visitations from our star-children, our grandbaby. The visits from your and my own other self, having you in my life. Yeah, the majority of those figures may be made up to some extent. I'm still within the 90% that there is something supernatural that brought us to-

gether. But in the end, there's an aspect of me that has to admit that I'm the luckiest bastard in the galaxy to have that kind of love in my life, to have that kind of motivation, that guidance, to where the weather is nice, the skies are clear. I can look up at the stars and realize someone out there is looking back, smiling. They understand I've made mistakes. I'll probably make mistakes down the line. But in the end, they check in. They showed they cared. They even saved my life. I'd be a damn fool not to stay loyal to them, to you, to the cause.

Even though I think you and I would both agree that some of the sources of information have been questionable lately, it is without a doubt in my mind that what we have is something truly special, truly supernatural. And I would not trade it in for one moment of an easier relationship, whatever that means. Every time, every moment that I feel this heaviness, it's where my mind starts to debate whether or not something is going on because you're not able to answer messages, because you've been busy because of work or whatever simple things going on... in a weird, perhaps slightly unhealthy way, it only motivates me to strive even more to better myself. To be worthy of you, to be worthy of them.

Which, like I said, there's good news. With the birth certificate being found, I went in and got my ID sorted. I'm currently waiting for it in the mail, and I'm due to have a nice little chat with my boss here in a couple

hours to switch over to that traveling job. See if we can make it official.

So, I should probably try to get a little bit of sleep before I try to make that conversation. I'm going to go ahead and end this message here.

I love you, my . And to you, I owe you my life. I owe you my forever. I owe you my soul. I owe you the best possible version of it all that I can possibly muster. And that is the truth.

And in case for some odd reason I don't get to hear from you or don't get to talk to you too much, Happy Valentine's Day, forever and always.

Entry 14-22

E

ntry 14

My Dearest Love,

If I'm keeping track, this is the 14th diary entry, which feels right given the date. Today is one of my favorite holidays—my two favorites have always been Halloween and Valentine's Day. Despite everything, I still hold out hope for a simple, romantic Valentine's Day, which is kind of funny given my past.

I know I said it was lazy to wait for this day to show love, but when life gets busy, this little holiday reminder to take five minutes to tell someone you love them is important. It makes things a little more bearable.

I often think about the Valentine's Day before we officially met, when your other self supposedly arranged a date in the stars. And then, later that year, you came into my life, which is roughly when our third child may have been conceived. (Please forgive any background noise; there's some chaos here, even at 5 a.m.)

I have a small update about the potential job. My boss is slammed, so we haven't talked properly, but I found out it might not require as much flying as I thought, though some travel would still be needed. It comes with a nice pay bump, mileage, and a per diem. I should go for it. It will give me an excuse to get out and explore, maybe come up with new fantasies for our video dates—I miss those. It's been too long.

You honestly know what I want to do right now: take you out for a picnic, or maybe just a walk to admire the stars. I'd find a way to give you a rose or a bouquet and muster up a new poem on the spot. I still love how embarrassed you used to get when I talked poetically to you because you'd never experienced that before. I'm glad to know it still sits well with you.

I like to be flexible with my plans for a surprise. If you were working today, I might wait until you were close to getting home. I'd create a path of rose petals, starting with your favorite yellow, mixing in white, and then shifting to deeper reds as you got closer to the bathroom. There, a nice hot bubble bath would be waiting for you, complete with lilac petals and your favorite lit candles. A way for you to relax after a long shift. I might hide a speaker to set the mood. I'd come in to check on you, sit by the tub, and give you a precious kiss, showing how much I missed you. Maybe a neck massage as you sink into the water. Then, as you start to drift off or the water cools, I'd hand you a towel, fresh and warm from the dryer, or help wrap it around

you. I'd pull you close, resting my forehead against yours, just embracing the closest thing to an angel I've ever known. I'd sweep you off your feet, walk you to the bedroom, and we'd just lay on the bed. No expectations, just you and me, drifting off to sleep. And for once in this crazy life, the world would be perfect.

Just once, it would feel right.

Honestly, there is not a single moment, not a second, not a heartbeat, where I don't feel like the luckiest person alive to have you in my heart. Not just because of the Star Kids—though that certainly makes our story interesting—but because you blow my mind with how incredible you are. How kind, generous, sweet, and loving. How gorgeous you are on the inside as you are on the outside. Even friends who see your picture are stunned that I managed to be with you for this long. And I don't care if some argue it's not the same because it's long-distance.

I am in love with you. I have been ever since I knew there was a chance you were real. I've loved you and searched for you for so long. And as agonizing as it is not to have you in my arms, knowing that you are truly the person I see every time I think of you—imperfections and all—that gives me the fight to keep going. To push further, farther, and to see this through to the end. Even if it takes my dying breath. I'm telling you the raw truth. I have never felt like this. I have never had someone bring me to this point for all the right reasons.

And even though I don't get to have that fantasy of simply laying in bed next to you, holding you close, and spending my last bit of strength before falling asleep pressing my lips against yours and staring into those eyes, you make this Valentine's Day more meaningful than anything I've ever experienced.

It's yours. From the bottom of my heart, I hope you never have to question that notion.

Entry 15

My Dearest Starlight,

Hey. It's February 16th, just after 3:18 in the morning. I've been thinking about a lot of things lately.

Work last night was uneventful, mostly because they're still assigning tasks that were already finished during the remodel. There was some weird focus on certain sections, but that's a boring story for another time.

What *was* interesting was a video call I had yesterday. A friend I hadn't seen in person since a trip in 2018 reached out. A friend of hers was concerned that an ex-boyfriend might have used witchcraft on her. Since they live about a 14-hour drive away, we squeezed in a session before my shift. I wish I had recorded it, because I thought I heard what sounded like EVP coming from her side of the call. The woman needing my help—it's a long story short, but I'm fairly certain something unfortunate did happen. The ex-

boyfriend was apparently obsessive and had some occult interests.

It could be psychosomatic, of course—her own anxieties from the breakup manifesting these things. I did the usual checks to rule out contamination from neighbors or pets. I'm going to monitor the situation. I gave her my contact info in case she wants to talk through the next steps. They just wanted to know if it was possible, and I told them yes, depending on what this guy did, there are a few different possibilities, as you would know.

Honestly, stories like that make me a little hyper-aware of my own anxieties, especially when we haven't had a proper chat. I'm not upset with you, not at all. I get it. We both have our own worlds, and the main thing keeping us strong is that whatever is flying in the sky seems to be tied to both of us. It's something most people would be skeptical of, but you and I have to admit things are too weird in that area to ignore, especially ever since a little one identified you at a friend's wedding.

I still feel like I'm in that 90th percentile. I also feel like there have been further visitations—perhaps as a way to mend things—but my head has been so wrapped up in mundane life that I haven't been able to focus. Maybe I should try the memory supplements before bed. As a friend once said on a podcast, a craving for sugar seems to be a psychic anesthetic after a

visitation. I won't lie, I came home with some discount Valentine's candy.

Speaking of Valentine's Day, maybe that's what put me in a certain mindset. I heard a story from another lady that truly broke my heart. She recently lost her husband and was feeling immense guilt, believing she indirectly caused his death. They had been fighting over the smallest things, and there was a lot of pressure building up. She felt like she should have acknowledged him more when he tried to reach out. One night, while they were in bed, he reached for her, and she turned him away out of pride and anger.

The next morning, she got up, went to work, and didn't check on him. When she got home, the house was exactly as she left it. He was still in bed, in the exact same position. When she went to shake him, she realized he wasn't responding.

He had a heart condition. Instead of just reaching out for a hug in his sleep, he was having a cardiac episode and trying to get her attention because he needed help. Because she was so caught up in her pride, she ignored him.

You and I both know the factors involved, but essentially, this poor woman is spilling her heart out because she feels like she killed her husband over her stupid, petty shit.

It got me thinking, you know, about the fights within my own family lately. My therapist and friends all reach a similar conclusion: part of the turmoil is that

the idea of me moving out—not physically, yet, but the full idea of it—is setting in, and they feel like they are losing control.

Regarding watching my relative's house and her pets while they're on their trip, that was agreed upon. I didn't want to, but it felt like an appropriate thank you for her helping me out with my car issues (which you also helped with). If it came down to it, I would blare the truth to the freaking world to get people to realize the full scope of things, but in the end, is it honestly worth it? My relatives have tried to talk to me about just walking away, cutting ties.

Even now, it's still going on. They're still trying to drag me into the middle of it, and I want nothing to do with it. The only reason I'm staying somewhat close is to make sure their stupidity doesn't hurt my niece. I've shared with my therapist, and I think with you, that I fully expect them to try to use my niece against me, just like they've done with nearly every other relative I was close with. They would twist those relationships until pride made it impossible for us to even talk.

Some of the people on my father's side who started or continued some of the generational issues are starting to pass away from old age. On one hand, maybe that's a physical sign of that darkness breaking away, losing control. But as you and I both know, just because something's dead doesn't mean it's going to stay quiet.

I mean, I could go to one of the most haunted locations near me, the one I've always wanted to check out. I could set up a camera and an EMF meter where there's no interference and have a conversation with my recently deceased step-grandmother, who struggled with mental health issues. I've told you about how either that was her showing herself or I was tricked into a heartfelt confession to a cheap K2 meter. I didn't have the proper gear on me for a thorough analysis.

I know I sometimes criticize people who do ghost-hunting live streams. I'm not judging *you* or what you might do, but the concept itself. The attention focuses on people who seem to need social acknowledgement, and they pester the live streams just to feel less alone. I guess I shouldn't criticize so much, because recording these tapes could be argued as essentially the same thing.

Aside from accidentally pocket-dialing my boss last night, I'm expecting—hoping—she remembers to send me the information so we can initiate getting this new job and I can just *go*.

I always joke that it would be nice to figure out how to travel the world, explore exotic locations with interesting histories, alleged hauntings, UFO sightings, or even Bigfoot sightings—somehow doing it on someone else's dime, but still focusing on the actual investigation, not just clicks for likes. That's why I built my online project the way it is, and why I put together those online courses: so people can learn different ways to

tell their own story, whether it's paranormal, about mental health, or even just a fictional world. The world is getting stranger, or at least we're becoming more aware of it, and a lot of us don't have the necessary skill set to understand what's going on, to tell the story, ask the right questions, and think critically.

I feel like recording these tapes is mostly me going on about whatever pops into my head when the one person I want to share this with is out of reach. Again, nothing against you. I understand. We both have our schedules, our lives. Depending on where I get sent for the new job, I would technically be a little closer to you for brief periods, kind of like how we try to use daylight saving time for a little more overlap. I hope that doesn't make the distance seem more extravagant than it already does.

I'll be honest, recording these tapes made me realize just how truly alone I feel. I'm not blaming anyone, but I need to get back up and start doing what I want to do, what makes me feel like *The Hunter*. Lately, between what's going on and not hearing from you as much, some of my old shadows are trying to find their way back in. I'm not going to let them.

I'm being asked to give the official okay soon on whether I'm still willing to mind my grandparents' house. The fact that my sister can't be trusted, and my mother is playing the victim and getting my little cousin to come out instead, tells you everything. I'm

not looking forward to this. I don't want to be around them.

As I'm working with this debt relief company to get my finances in order, and it's going well so far, I need to start setting aside money so I can make a break for it. I need to figure out what's going to happen. Maybe I'll use some of the mental tricks from my investigations to look back on those visions I saw involving us. I think you know which ones I'm talking about. I wish there was a way I could record those things, but that technology feels a little too risky for my comfort, if you know what I mean.

I know this is a hard, big step, and there's not much of a support system in place to ease that blow. Maybe this new job, where I'll be sent off to different cities for weeks on end, will be a good way to "micro-dose" myself the transition. I like that idea.

But I'm not going to lie to you, my Starlight. No matter how things turn out between us, and as much as some have tried to discourage me from relying on this ideal of us ending up together, we all came to the agreement that pushing towards what our relationship effectively represents may just be the kick in the ass I need to get going.

So, no matter what happens, to you, my Starlight, I owe you for everything.

Entry 16

My Dearest Beloved,

Hello. I hope you're doing well. It sounds like you're getting ready for your big event this weekend. I plan to at least try to livestream it. Knowing the location, I can imagine there might be some technical difficulties—not necessarily due to anything supernatural, but just the nature of the building. I'll definitely try to catch you. It's not an exaggeration to say I've set up special alerts so that I know exactly when you're online or have contacted me, ensuring I answer immediately. Most people don't receive that luxury; I don't feel many are deserving of it.

That may sound mean, and I suppose I should offer a quick apology. I'm honestly probably overthinking this, but in the event that I've said or done something that may have made you uncomfortable sharing certain details about what you're doing... Maybe it's the... I don't know...

As I've said, I trust you completely, but as I've written in some of the poetry I sent you, there are days when I'm honestly jealous of the people who get to see you.

Of course, I could do the ultimate Hallmark romance move: try to secure a loan to cover the cost of renewing my passport, buy plane tickets, and fly out to see you. But, as you know, I'm focused on clearing my debts. I don't think I told you this, but in the last major relationship I was in before we even met, I tried doing

that, and it didn't work out well. Obviously, in retrospect, I'm somewhat glad I did it because it allowed me to get closure on that ordeal so that my mind wasn't constantly filled with "what ifs." But at the same time, it stings when you put that much effort into something only to have it completely backfire. I am genuinely trying my best not to carry that anxiety, that fear, that almost obsessiveness, into our relationship.

In a way, doing these audio diaries, for lack of a better word, validates why they say that people who talk to themselves may actually be some of the most intelligent, because the act of verbalizing their thoughts acts as a bit of a cooling system for the brain, allowing them to process even more information. Listening back to some of the tapes, I realized one of the audio versions didn't save correctly and got deleted before I noticed—shame on me—but I managed to save the physical transcript, so evidence of it still exists.

I think I've really started to see what you were trying to encourage me to find: a more local support system. Maybe not to cling to you so tightly in case something goes wrong. I'm not saying it will, but part of me is starting to realize there is a bit of an unhealthy attachment, which, yes, may stem from prolonged periods of silence resulting in heartbreaking tragedy in my last two major relationships (between what happened with my former partner and the person I was trying to see shortly after that, whom I actually managed to fly out to see).

In so many ways, how much you've tried to be there, especially when we first got together—tried to be a shoulder, a sounding board, someone I could actually talk to—and the fact that even from miles and miles away, you extended an act of complete generosity that still brings me to tears the more I think about it... I'm hoping that gesture allows me to take the further steps I need to in order to clean up my life.

I've honestly realized how unhappy I am. I realize how I've constantly tried to make excuses to justify my own anxieties. In some ways, I've used our relationship, I've used wanting to keep myself open for you in case you needed someone to talk to, for when we had a chance to have one of our video dates, and I've used trying to help my sister take care of her child—I have used family excuses to justify not living my own life. I'm kicking myself for realizing how stupid of a choice that was. Not relating to us, not our relationship. I hate the distance. I hate not being able to see you. I've never hidden that fact. I even justify weird signal disruptions and my phone's tendency not to sound off when you send me a message as a reason to almost obsessively check to see if there's one from you, because you're the one person I want to hold on to. I want... screw it. I'm not even going to try to lessen it. If it's greedy, let me be greedy. If it's selfish, let me be selfish.

As much as I truly want to see you thrive, see you happy, see you fulfilling what makes you who you are, and as much as you've been trying to nudge me to do

the same, I want the rest of my days... and I hate the fact that I feel like I don't deserve you.

There was a moment of darkness that led me on the 16-year search that I fully believe concludes with you, and I still do. It wasn't necessarily a mutual acquaintance pointing you out at a wedding. It wasn't the AI generations that look suspiciously like you. In that moment of darkness, the one thing that pulled me out, the one thing that bound me to trying to understand the supernatural, the shadows, to try to fight the darkness that I feel inside my head, everything that eats away at me, that overwhelms me, was that in a moment where you thought I was going to disappear from your life, I saw the same eyes that pulled me back, that gave me the reason to fight. The way the tears in your eyes gave that shine... It was just like the eyes of a close relative's child the first time I saw her back then, and the agony, the guilt of causing that pain to that little girl who may be our little girl, was the same pain I felt making you feel like I was leaving.

This realization overwhelms me. I wouldn't want you to think I was fabricating this in any way, shape, or form, trying to make you feel guilty, or trying to pressure you. That is not what I'm doing. Even as I'm trying to wait for some indication from my boss to take on this new job, to make things official, it's what I'm trying to do to break free and ensure that break is permanent.

In a way, making this transition is scaring the hell out of me. I'm trying to find... part of me is trying to

find reasons to shut it down, trying to look for signs that say I shouldn't follow through. The more that I process it, the more I meditate on it, it goes without saying that this is needed, if not to eventually bridge the gap between us. To have a flicker of a chance to wrap my arms around you, squeeze you tight, and have to force myself to let you go. I have to do it for me, for what our relationship inevitably represents.

Yes. I never thought I would make it even this far. How we've managed to stay somewhat in touch this long surprises me, and I want to see what that future holds. I would like for it to include you in some way. I don't just call you my significant other or my soul-mate. You have been my best friend, a confidant, and the only person I feel truly safe to be naked and exposed and not feel fear, to not hear the screams in my head that made it hard to be intimate with anyone.

I just don't know what to do. I'm feeling like I'm floating through a void trying to find that perfect world where everything comes together, and maybe that voyage will take some more time. But to you, my Beloved, I honestly can't thank you enough for helping keep the motivation to continue that voyage.

I love you. I will always love you. And there is no one who could possibly compare to you.

Forever Yours...

Entry 17

My Dearest Starlight,

I'm writing this while driving home, so please excuse any background noise. I'm hands-free, of course, using that old adapter from my sedan days, so my focus is completely on the road. I apologize in advance for any road rage slipping through—if any choice words about bad drivers escape, I'm sorry! It's currently 11:38 PM. I finished work earlier than expected, tidied up everything for the week, and decided there was no point in sticking around.

I know we haven't had much one-on-one time lately. Our quick text exchange this morning, while I was getting ready for work and you for bed, was probably the most in-depth conversation we've had in a while. But I understand. We constantly have to remind ourselves that we're trying to figure things out while "living and loving in two different worlds," as you once put it. Honestly, some days it's frustrating, but I guess that was the risk we had to take.

I remember when we first started getting to know each other and were cautiously talking about becoming a couple. You asked what I would do if circumstances were a little different. I was upfront: I'd be willing to try long distance until we figured something out. I was, and still am, juggling a lot. I've cleared up some of it, but my debt settlement program has my "graduation" slated for November 2027 if I keep this pace. I really don't want to wait that long. I'm always looking for

my "magic bullet"—maybe from the screenplays I've mentioned, or perhaps that outlaw gold search some people thought I was crazy for. My part of the state actually has ties to the Old West, and a weird history book based on a popular western video game revealed I have old Western roots. This conveniently made my ancestors business partners with a historical firearms manufacturer, which makes the jokes about me being a fictional hunter feel a bit more real, but I digress.

I'm doing everything I can to process things day by day. If a chance finally comes for us to fully bring the "modern mythology" building around us to fruition, I want to make sure I do it right. I want to come into this as free of baggage as humanly possible. I've said it before, and I'll say it a million more times until I fully believe it: I want to be the best version of myself for you.

On that note, I have a slight confession: my therapist is reviewing some of these "journals." Her logic is sound: despite my certainty that we might have a rough transition in the near future, I shouldn't rely too heavily on the supernatural, given the unlikely nature of our circumstances. She's using my own words against me, reminding me that the "law of manifestation" isn't about sitting around meditating; you have to put in the legwork. You have to show the universe you want it and are willing to do whatever it takes. I've committed to trying to understand the "mystery" and my certainty that you are at least one of the last pieces to that mystery.

It all just feels weird. A part of me figured my life would be very different by now. Even when I tried to live a "normal" life and say I was done looking for signs, that feeling always persisted. I couldn't shake it, so now I'm trying to embrace it on my own terms. If you look at some of the stuff I'm putting together under my project name, you might question my logic—especially questioning the legitimacy of many so-called paranormal investigators while using the marketing slogan "The Hunter." If people think that's hypocritical, so be it. I try to be honest that it's just a slogan; I want my actions and knowledge to speak for themselves. I want to maintain the image of just a regular guy to whom something weird happened, and he's trying to figure out why.

But the truth is, I've never been normal. As much as I don't want to be the guy constantly chasing new monsters, a part of me will always keep fighting to protect those I care about—to protect you—in any way I can. Even if it means burning parts of my soul with the most forbidden magic. It reminds me of the character in a supernatural film, who says a man willing to sell his soul for the right reasons, for love, makes him unpredictable—it puts God on his side. Maybe I need to embrace that notion, no matter how much people think I'm becoming the devil. This is ironic considering how we first started chatting, with me trying that fictional character getup and mimicking an actor to flirt with you. You saw right through it, and it's funny how

many parallels our relationship has had with that show. Hell, from the right angles, you look a lot like a character from that show—and it's pretty sexy, by the way, but I digress again.

I fully believe that because you and I embrace the strange and the weird, yet maintain a healthy skepticism to avoid being fooled, we can survive just about anything. I mean, how many other people have video and photo evidence that a heartfelt phone conversation can literally bring out strange aerial phenomena? And the skeptics who say, "It's just a shooting star," are wrong. Meteors don't slow down, float, get brighter, then speed up and disappear.

(Ah, sorry, a windstorm just hit us, and a semi-truck made my car wiggle a bit more than I liked.)

The only counter-explanations offered for the secondary big ball of light that showed up while I was talking to you were either a piece of space junk reflecting sunlight or a meteor that burned up just in time. That pretty much sums up my life: I'm either chasing something with billion-to-one odds or staring at something that could take my life in an instant, and in a few cases, it has. As I told you, the strange occurrences didn't just show up when I was 12 and tried to end my life. They showed up several times, like when a voice screamed "Look out!" before a car accident sent me to the hospital. Even unconscious, my first thought was, "Where's the little girl?"

What I'm trying to say, and what my therapist keeps reiterating, is that no matter how the situation with the mystery or the situation between us unfolds, I need to hold on to the idea that I'm not through yet. Something strange is happening, and it's absolutely determined to make sure I'm still breathing. So why not make myself someone worth fighting for? Why not allow myself to become the kind of man they do not regret saving?

Which, I guess, brings this letter to a close with one simple thought, my Starlight: I thank you for that reminder.

I know you're busy with your trip this weekend, so we probably won't have much time to talk, but my line is always open. It's no exaggeration—my phone has special ringtones just for you. I know that no matter how busy I get, you're always there, ready to blow up my phone and tell me everything—good, bad, ugly, or weird. I just like talking to you.

But I do have to ask one of these days: Are you sensing me again, seemingly out of the blue? Are you picking up that something might be off about me? We've had that happen before, where we both got a nudge that something was going on with the other, even though we weren't close enough to see it. I don't know, I'm just getting that feeling.

I also think I'm seeing more signs of what I saw at that event—flashes of your other self's memories of our life together—coming to fruition. It all played through so fast then that I can only remember bits and

pieces. While I'm waiting for my boss to finalize the details about switching to the travel job, maybe I can make it a project this weekend to go through the self-cognitive recall process my mentors taught me and try to get more details. It's worth a shot.

(P.S. I just pulled up to the house. It's 19 degrees Fahrenheit outside, so I'm heading in for a hot shower and maybe something to eat.)

Anyway, I love you, forever and always. I hope that when you finally see or hear these messages, you understand why I'm doing it.

Entry 18

My Dearest,

I'm feeling a little unwell as I write this, so there may not be a corresponding audio version. A part of me still wonders how you would react upon finding out about these letters... how they would affect you. As you wished me a good night so you could focus on packing up your final belongings for your trip this weekend, you said something that truly resonated with me. Perhaps it was an overanalyzed response to these messages I've been compiling so I could still reach through the void to talk to you when life itself gets in the way.

Regardless of why, what you said stood out... your reason for saying yes to the trip. You treat it as a way to step outside your comfort zone, yet you still plan

accordingly so you wouldn't be totally navigating on your own. It still stuns me that a woman as incredible as you, the very same person who effectively saved me just by being who you are, would feel that worry. Perhaps it's because of my own experience in dealing with people constantly feeling the need to point out my stature, but I guess I wouldn't have much insight into how a woman must feel.

Many have expressed concern that I had put you on a pedestal, as I mentioned before, but as I am writing this, maybe it is notions like these which should serve as crucial reminders of what allowed us to bond in the first place. It wasn't necessarily just the fact that we were both interested in the supernatural because of our own life experiences. It wasn't the jokes and references to shows and movies we both liked, though out of context the playful, intimate mentions might be misconstrued. It wasn't even the seemingly mutual feeling of knowing each other from a previous life or that, like a cosmic force, our connection felt predestined to ensure we stayed strong.

What allowed us to truly bond, to build what we have... is the fact that we could be ourselves—vulnerabilities and all.

As I have been compiling these letters, I thought that including at least some of the many poems I've sent you during our time together would be a nice touch, to solidify the feelings and motivations more. In trying to retrieve that information, I came across

some of our earliest messages... the moments where you broke through armor that, in full honesty, has yet to be fully restored. In truth, I haven't needed it, but in its place, things are coming up to the surface that are overwhelming and further aggravating the very reflex to reach out and grip the one person alive I trust tightly. As much as I don't want that to be a weight keeping you from truly flying as you are, these letters and messages are the compromise.

Perhaps my feelings for you have served as a crucial backdrop, a reminder for me to take inventory of what all I have in my life and what all I need to leave behind—perhaps set ablaze so the ashes of it all could return to Earth and find new purpose.

I remember you expressing anxiety that if anyone had said anything about you being potentially fraudulent, I'd leave, much like how I chose to sever ties with a former partner... in the event our time together hasn't proved otherwise, please don't worry. I chose you of my own accord, no one else, and will continue to choose you.

I know it will take time to make the adjustments happen in order to reach that goal, but regardless of whether the future includes a life where you and I are finally within reach of each other, I choose you. It would be a lie if I said that I did not care or mind if you reciprocated—truly and with everything we both are able to be when the time comes.

So to you, my Love, feel free to assume the dramatic closing of this entry is a byproduct of a head cold... but as you spread your wings to fly, know that I truly do pray that our reunion will not wait until we are back in the embrace of the divine... or whatever comes next when this life is through for us both.

Yours always

Entry 19

My Dearest Starlight,

My voice is still a bit out of whack, so rather than just recording the audio, I'm writing this the old-fashioned way—typing it out on my phone. I haven't heard from you today, so I hope you are safe and simply having fun.

The people you're meeting up with seem decent enough, though I'd be lying if I wasn't defaulting to my own strange, old habits to check in on you from afar. Please know this has nothing to do with whether or not I trust you. Believe me, this is simply stemming from my own uncertainty, a little paranoia, and maybe a dash of jealousy of those who get to see your beautiful face in person. It is merely a byproduct of a life I'm trying to leave behind, where I put down my defenses, but something always triggers that protective instinct.

It was around this time last year when we were falling silent with each other, debating continuing our relationship after some truly toxic outside forces tried

to drive us apart. It was a silence that led me down a very chaotic path, an attempt to find a focus, a target, to provide ample distraction when it felt like anything with you was too thin of a tightrope walk to risk losing you. Like I said, I'd much rather take a vow of silence if it meant holding onto you. Yet, with how turbulent my mind can be, it took going through something extreme to make that silence possible.

Then I got too close to a ghost of my past, mostly because of the one-in-a-billion odds that she resembled a deeply lost love. I inevitably broke your heart by initiating the promise we made: that if we found someone else, we would be open with one another. I still have the picture you sent that day, your eyes practically flooding with tears.

Yet things happened; that painful distraction was taken away. In spite of the agony, you stayed and tried to help me through, even when I found myself pouring it all into a new creative project.

If anything, that helped me further commit to you. The generosity you showed, the way you supported me in getting my film project made, you became a permanent staple of my life, or perhaps better yet, the better life I've been hunting for.

But, going back to that photo, even as I look at it now, a realization came to me. That same look in your eyes was the same look I saw when someone dear saved my life once before. And now, my project feels like the

vessel to help me move to this new stage of life, one that is built firmly with you.

I got an update about the potential new job, finally! There's a bit of a setback because they're apparently only looking to hire people for the teams far away, but not for the teams that are closer to me. My boss also offered a possible alternative. It would still be a traveling job and mainly cover parts of the West, full-time, include the same benefits as the other role, and come with a pay bump. I told my supervisor that would be something I'm interested in, and I would be free for it soon. So, we will see what happens!

I'll likely take the job either way. I've been at this gig for a little over six years now... change is overdue, and I want a new life with you.

Anyway, I'm just writing this update here as I promised to tell you first.

I hope your livestream works for you tomorrow! I'll try to pop in and watch; I've gotta support my lady, after all! As I'm writing this, I'm overhearing some typical family drama next door. If there's anything from my old life I want to carry on, it's how much it bothers me how nonchalant people have become about the safety of children.

Anyway, that's a topic for another time. I hope I hear from you soon. I miss your voice and your beautiful pictures.

To You, My Starlight, let's fly to better days.

Entry 20

My Dearest,

Today is a big day, and honestly, seeing where you're headed sparks a little jealousy in me—the good kind, of course. I've always preferred quieter explorations, but I do have a bucket list of places I'd love to check out, with the right company, of course. My background in this field is fairly public, and I'm not without a few accomplishments to my name.

My recent work, especially the video sessions, has attracted attention, including an offer for a project about my experiences. While it's great that my work is getting noticed, I can't justify spending a fortune when I can produce the same content for free.

Surprisingly, the audio version of these letters has also gained traction without much marketing. This led to an offer for further distribution, which is good news! However, given that I need to focus on more conventional income streams, adding a set schedule for that would stretch me too thin right now.

My solution is to mass-produce content that can be scheduled at regular intervals, plus short, easily recordable videos from the road. I've set up nearly everything to be accessible from my phone, ensuring I remain flexible.

This brings me to the scientific angle I mentioned. When I hinted at it, I may have made it sound like a medical consultation, rather than a potential interview. The person I reached out to is a popular figure—an ac-

credited expert who has appeared on several shows and hosts a podcast exploring the link between spirituality and the mind. My logic in contacting her for insights is similar to how I connected with other researchers and thinkers in the field.

It honestly surprised me I managed to build a strong enough case for myself that they were willing to listen and even collaborate.

You've suggested I connect more with others in the field, maybe local groups. You have a point, but my disillusionment aside, I've always been very strict about my operating code. My medical history advises against alcohol, and I rarely drink; going to a bar is usually out of the question. I've never experimented with drugs, and I don't really gamble. I keep my circle far away from known criminal elements, often severing relationships the second I detect any possibility of involvement. Furthermore, my knowledge of protocols from a young age intimidated many people who already judged me based on my appearance.

You're right that much of how I act is tied to past trauma, and that is my burden. Even as I work on myself, the old feelings of being seen as a monster still linger. How could they not, when my own mother framed an act of self-defense as me being a "budding killer" at barely four years old? This is the same mother who constantly compared me to my father, even after his abuse was proven. Every bit of that history leaves a mark.

What I'm trying to say is, after my child saved me, I could never accept the idea that she was a hallucination. The moment I saw her, I recognized her as looking just like me. Even the twelve other people who reported seeing her, without knowing the story, noticed the resemblance.

No matter how strange or unlikely, I couldn't deny that she was my daughter. I was only twelve! Biologically, it was possible, but it still meant someone had serious explaining to do.

But even before I considered a wider perspective, I knew one thing: if I had a daughter willing to break all logic to stop me from taking my own life that day, then maybe I had a fighting chance to become a father worth saving one day.

So, despite the tension, my limited understanding, and how stubborn it made me seem, I was going to do everything in my power to make it happen. No matter how blind I felt on the journey, the broken hearts along the way, or the times I slipped up, I was determined to be the best father I could be. In turn, that also meant figuring out how to be the best husband to her mother, whoever that might be.

We both acknowledge the possibility that we could be misreading this entire ordeal. In a weird way, that's why I keep you so close. It's one of the million reasons why I see you not just as my girlfriend or my Starlight, but as my best friend. You have a knack for helping me stay on track, and I deeply respect you for it.

In an even stranger way—some might call it confirmation bias—I truly hope with all my heart that you are the treasure I've been hunting for all this time. If not, you've certainly given me something no one else probably ever could.

So, please let me apologize for the times I may be too stubborn with you. I've become far too accustomed to fighting this world alone; being with someone who is genuinely as good as she is stunning is a brand new experience for me. Spilling my heart and mind like this is the only sure way I know to keep moving forward, no matter how blind I still feel.

Anyway, I hope you are doing well. I saved the poem with these letters in case you didn't catch it when I sent it. I know you have a week of night shifts coming up, but maybe if you find a few hours of freedom during your following week off, we can finally have a video date or two. I'll have my place to myself for about nine days, other than the occasional spirit that might pop in—which, aside from a child trying to get her favorite uncle's attention, wouldn't be out of the norm for us.

I love the little girl to death, and I know at her age, boundaries aren't quite developed yet, so I'm not upset at her for the interruptions. I'm more upset with her mother for taking her sweet time to get her daughter away from the naked grown man trying to have an intimate moment with the one person who matters most to him. The last thing I need is to be treated like a po-

tential predator by the system for the third time because my family lacks decency.

I'm also sorry for the rant, hun.

To You, My Starlight... just thank you... for everything. I've said it before, but it's because of you that I actually feel closer to the man I want to be. I hope our journey is a long one, where we finally walk it side by side and can leave the tech behind.

Entry 21

My dearest Starlight,

Hello, my love. I'm finally sitting down to write this down for you. The last few letters I worked on were typed out on my phone, but this one needs more care. I hope you can't hear the lingering cold I'm fighting—it tried to derail my plans to scout some spots this weekend, but that's alright. Some things just have to wait.

I truly hope your gig was wonderful and that you made it home safely. I know you must be exhausted and probably won't be in touch all day, but please, just a quick note to let me know you're safe. That's all that truly matters, along with knowing you had fun. I tried to watch your stream a couple of times, but as I suspected from checking the location you were heading to, the tech gods weren't smiling on you. That's the nature of things, sometimes.

I've been thinking so much about why you said yes to this trip—what you shared about needing to step

outside your comfort zone, despite how much maneuvering airports stresses you out. It's completely understandable. The few times I've been to your side of the ocean, I felt overwhelmed myself, especially in [City 1] and [City 2], since I was alone. And that airport in [City 3] is massive! God, I miss the simplicity of just getting on a plane and going somewhere. Life required me to pause and mend some damage, much of it self-inflicted, but I digress.

You mentioned taking this trip as a way to expand your boundaries, and honestly, that has really resonated with me. You've been trying to gently nudge me toward doing the same. It's funny, isn't it? Some days it feels like we're worlds apart, with our age difference and all, yet you and I are so incredibly similar. It's a profound comfort.

People close to me—my therapist, close friends who know about you—have asked me very similar things. They wondered if I was using you as a surrogate for what I lost with my fiancée. But there is a universal agreement that no matter what happens between us, I need to do everything I can to keep an amazing person like you in my life. And I will admit, I'm exploring some projects outside my usual methods, but that's for later. Perhaps I'll finally start embodying the version of myself I was pretending to be—a little closer to a devilish charmer—when we first started flirting.

The other concern they voiced was about the distance—that not seeing each other's flaws often makes

it easy to idealize, to forget the "mess." But the more I've thought about it, and the more I've reviewed these thoughts over the past few weeks, the more I realize the truth. Yes, our mutual interests provided a wonderful foundation, a common language to build on. But the real connection is that, somehow, you and I can simply be ourselves, vulnerabilities and all.

Earlier today, I was at a routine check-in with my therapist, and I found myself confessing something big. Reflecting on my life, especially since turning thirty, I firmly believe you've been a major part of a profound shift. The old emotional armor I wore for most of my life is finally loosening, practically sliding off. What's emerging is the emotional, intense, poetic side of me that I only ever knew how to express through art—the side I locked away because the very people who should have protected me sought to hurt me. There are days it feels like they try to undermine the positive influence you've had. And trust me, after everything I've been through, and even with trying to understand the deeper, unseen forces that seemed to guide me toward you, even though I didn't know what was happening... it's just a lot.

And yes, people have questioned my conclusions, knowing the source of some of those ideas. I couldn't help but remember when we first had our video chats and you worried that if something about the guidance I followed turned out to be false, or if I heard something negative about you, I would discard you. Or even if, as

I've said before, we are completely misinterpreting this entire situation between us. At this point, I honestly don't care.

I still choose you. I still choose you completely, of my own free will. No one else made this choice. In fact, the very people who tried to make me question that choice only cemented my reasons. I truly hope these letters don't come across as needy or desperate. It's just that this new light I'm seeing—I physically don't know how to handle it, but I'm not foolish enough to try to deny it.

As imperfect as it sounds, the same light that once pulled me from the darkness is the same light I saw in your eyes when you feared I might disappear. It's the same light in your eyes when you're moved to tears by one of my poems or by the way I talk about you. It keeps pushing me forward. Last year, around this time, the intensity of what I felt was so immense that a massive, all-consuming distraction was the only thing strong enough to keep me from caving in, from breaking because I was terrified of losing you. Inserting myself into a hostile situation felt like the only way to fight, the only way to feel like I was doing something. And you know how that turned out.

I'm not trying to bring up old pain. It's simply that the old, stoic version of me is withering away because something new is breaking through. My therapist suggests it's because my mind has finally concluded that I'm ready to handle these emotions, and doing what I

do best—creating something artistic from it all—is the only way I know to cope.

I mean, I can't drink. I can't get involved in drugs. When I go out with friends, I feel lost in the crowd because I can't drink due to my medical history. The things that happened with my family made me averse to drugs or alcohol, to the point where even taking cold medicine feels repulsive. I've always had to rebuild and take charge, to expose wrongdoing, even if it meant alienating people.

And right now, I have shelter, but even just hours ago, I couldn't sleep because of the screaming arguments happening nearby. It all just adds to the mental weight.

I do have an update on the travel job I mentioned. It turns out they aren't currently hiring for those specific teams unless they are based near [City 4] or [City 5]. [City 4] is closer, but it's a four-hour drive through a whole lot of nothing.

However, my boss offered a wonderful alternative. She offered to essentially create a full-time, traveling version of my current role, covering several states. I would get guaranteed hours, travel benefits, and per diem. I told her I was absolutely open to it. I said I'd be available after the 13th of next month, which is perfect timing.

Of course, this means I'll be covering a much wider area, which will hopefully expand my own adventures.

It also means I need to keep up with the maintenance on my car, The Baroness, but that's minor.

It's interesting because I've also received a couple of unexpected offers due to my work. A ghostwriting service reached out after seeing a clip of my investigation at a local ranch—they called it surprisingly emotional. But why pay thousands for mediocre work when I can bring my own vision to life for free? Another, ironically, involved syndication interest for the recordings of these letters, which I declined because I wasn't doing this for fame. I was just taking advantage of the resources I have to vent some pent-up emotions.

It's not that I'm against collaborations—I have official registries, media credits, and books written about my own past experiences. I have the foundation to pursue that dream of traveling the world chasing myths, legends, and mysteries.

I also got the supplies to go looking for some treasure—a neodymium magnet and rope for magnet fishing. Not that I expect to find any outlaw gold, but you have to admit, it would be a thrill if I did! Plus, it would be useful for potentially collecting samples if we ever have visitors from space. I only had one potential case where something came down bright green, shattering windows, but it was never reported. I tried to track the trajectory, but I couldn't find the rock, though I did have an encounter with likely men in black. That, my darling, is a story for another time.

Oh, and before I forget, I wanted to update you on my medical curiosity. I activated the testing kit. I just need to find stamps to send it off. I'll keep you posted on the results. I might have ties to some interesting historical figures, so you never know what will come up. Even my great-grandmother once warned me to get a test if I ever fell in love, just to be sure we weren't related! Given our circumstances, I think we're safe, but it's fun to explore.

I know this is a lot. It just feels like there's so much going on in my mind lately, and you are the only person I truly trust talking to about it. I apologize if at any point these feel overwhelming. That's never my intention. I'm just trying to speak my truth.

But regardless, my Starlight, I owe you so much. You may not have been the sole cause of this change in me, but you were one hell of a catalyst. And as far as I'm concerned, that only means I did the right thing in choosing you.

With all my heart...

Entry 22

To You, My Starlight,

Hey you. I'm thinking of you this Monday morning, just before 4:30. I hope your journey home was easy. I'd love to hear every detail, even the little hiccups. I thought I saw a little weariness in your eyes on the stream, and I worry about you.

And you know what? If you didn't want me to ever worry about you, you shouldn't have made it so damn easy to fall in love with you. I'm teasing, but I'm serious, too.

I've been doing a lot of soul-searching about us and this constant, beautiful need I have to hear from you. I've even opened up a bit to my therapist about you and these intense feelings.

I want to start with the most important part: apologies. Talking things through, I realized some of my past behaviors created an unfair dynamic, and I need to stop that. Looking back, when you suggested I get out more—maybe pursue a hobby—you were nudging me because you saw the same thing.

I won't debate who suggested "Stardust lovers" first; it doesn't matter anymore. I want to apologize for any unnecessary pressure I've put on you or on us. This is the longest romantic relationship I've ever been in. I'm so proud of it and so proud of us. I'm proud of how we've supported each other, of watching you spread those beautiful wings, and of finding the strength to step up when you challenged me. I am proud, honored, and absolutely speechless that you are in my life. The depth of that love honestly scares the hell out of me.

I won't try to revisit the past. You know more about my history than most people. As I talked to my therapist, I began to realize what I'm truly afraid of, and what I truly want. I apologize because I know I said I'd stick with this, even when you first started asking me what

we should do, and I told you I didn't know if I could be the person you deserved, or do right by you where I was in life. I've even admitted I tried using a character's persona as a mask to flirt with you, mostly because I knew you were a fan of the show.

But over these last few days, I had what they call a breakthrough. I've realized that losing you isn't necessarily the part I'm afraid of. (I know... I'm sorry, I'm just trying to breathe. This cold is hitting me hard. This is coming out a lot harder than I thought.)

I'm afraid of being forgotten by the one good person I have in my life.

(Pause in recording)

I've come to that realization. I know you said that if we had to go our separate ways, you would carry a part of me with you, and I would do the same. But maybe when we said that before, it was easier because we were still trying to figure things out.

With certain things happening with some old contacts—people facing issues because of harassment (I'll probably ask you about that later)—I remember you saying that if someone suggested I abandon you, I would. I just want you to know—I've said it before and I'll say it again—I made the choice to be with you, not them. Maybe they heard through the grapevine that I found you. I haven't had a chance to really talk to them. But, as you know, I started to slowly back away from that circle because I saw the strange devotion

forming around her. That's not important. Or maybe it is a part of me. It's just... I don't know.

You are one of the few people in this life who truly seems to see me as me. Not as a persona, not as a big scary guy, but as me. And honestly, the only other time I feel that sort of connection, that sort of true acknowledgement, is with animals or young children. Nearly everyone else in my life sees me as something else—something to control, because they fear my potential.

It makes it so the people we bond closest to are often miles and miles away, where a meeting would feel like a moment when the stars finally aligned.

But in truth, none of that really matters. In regards to us, my personal efforts will keep going. The thing I'm honestly afraid of is that either you'll end up seeing that I'm not worth keeping around, or that the struggle isn't worth it, or we find ourselves further apart than we already are, to where making the effort feels pointless. And I'm afraid you'll forget me.

I'm afraid of being left by the people who matter. Anybody else who did matter did leave. The few relatives I was close to don't seem to want anything to do with me anymore. People I literally risked my life to save don't acknowledge me. So-called family hasn't been family in a very long time.

There's a quote from one of Robin Williams's movies: being alone isn't necessarily the worst thing in

the world. The worst thing in the world is being surrounded by people who made you feel alone.

And in a lot of ways, because you were not one of those people, I may have used you, used us, as a bit of a lifeline to keep going. If someone is lucky enough to have someone in their life who genuinely shows love and the want for them to grow into a better person, like you've done with me, you don't ever betray that person. You do everything in your power to do right by them. And in a lot of ways, I feel like I've let my own insecurity do you wrong. And that's not right. And I'm sorry.

My therapist actually said a line today that stuck with me that I really liked. It was in regards to some of these bigger projects I've looked into trying to do, things with high potential but no certain outcome. They said that: **allow these things that help motivate you to be satellites, not lifelines.**

I couldn't help but fall in love with that statement. Other ways to look out for potential, something to admire in the darkest of night. That's what you've been. You've been a satellite. You've been my starlight.

To you, my Starlight, I need to move forward. As long as you're willing to have me around, treating you as such. Strip away some of the pressures of cosmic fates.

I guess what I'm trying to say is you already know where my heart is, where I hope that you and I end up. I've even told you about that vision I had where I wake

up one morning as an old man, maybe in my mid to late 80s. I roll over, I see you in bed. I go to give you a kiss on the cheek, but then I realize that you're gone. You just passed peacefully in your sleep. And I remember rolling on my back, looking towards the ceiling, tears in my eyes, and a smile, as the only words that could come to mind are, "Looks like it's time to go home, hun. Wait for me." That I pass away right there next to you. It's a very different vision than the one I used to have. It almost feels like that old vision doesn't hold weight anymore. I don't know. Maybe overall it's a sign of just how far I've grown up since you and I got together.

I guess what it comes down to is that I don't want us to become ghosts in each other's lives. I don't want to be forgotten by you. And I know, I know you're not doing any of this on purpose. I know that if I truly did something to upset you, you'd call me out right on the spot. I respect the hell out of you for that because I know it comes from a place of love. It's genuine. And I don't want to ever make you feel like you can't express how you truly feel with me, as much as you've made me feel safe enough to share with you.

But like you said, the future is not set in stone. Even with our weird circumstances, we don't know exactly what's going to happen next. It's going to boil down to us. And we have to be ready for whatever happens next.

And honestly, if you find these tapes before I send them to you, I genuinely hope this is at least the one out of all of them you listen to the most.

Anyway, I'm going to go ahead and end this before I start rambling any more than I already have. So again, before I go, I'm sorry if I ever made this harder for you. It's not my intention, but with how much we've built, the fear of stagnation, the fear of being forgotten by you has honestly intensified. I'll power through. I know I will. But, well, I guess it's like we said, there's no walking out of this without somebody getting hurt.

Sorry this got heavy. But the idea behind these tapes was a way to send messages in a bottle when we were busy with life. But because I was in a headspace where any mask wouldn't stay on, and the fact that I was talking to you, this became a little bit something more than I anticipated. I guess that kind of lines directly up with how I feel about our relationship as a whole. It became so much more than I honestly anticipated.

Entry 23-34

E

ntry 23

My Dearest Starlight,

Hey there, beautiful.

It's Wednesday, February 25th, 2026, just after 8:00 a.m. my time. You're probably still sleeping, catching up before your night shift—which is exactly what I hope you're doing. It kills me that those shifts often bring on your headaches; if I could, I'd totally find a way to ease that tension for you myself. I just want my girl to feel good.

It's truly awesome to be talking to you again, even if it's not one of our usual video calls. I probably *should* be sleeping before my own shift tonight, but I just can't. You've been on my mind, so I hopped on my computer to get some work done, hoping it would help me chill out, but my thoughts just kept zooming back to you.

I know our schedule situation is a bit rough right now with the clashing shifts and the time zone differ-

ence. There's not a lot we can do to fix that, but please, never feel like you owe me anything. As much as I'd love to have you all to myself, I know a magnificent woman like you has a light you need to share with the world, whether it's through your job, ghost hunting, or whatever path you choose. You know I'll support you, no matter what. You've been incredibly supportive of me, even when I know I've been a handful sometimes.

I wanted to record this as part of a personal project, the reflection I've been hinting at. You are my light in the dark times, but these are my issues, and I never want either of us to feel like a burden to the other. That wouldn't be right. Of course, stuff happens, and we all need someone sometimes, and I know without a doubt that you'd be there for me if something really serious went down.

Still, I miss those times when we could just tune out the world and feel like it was just you and me, even though it was all on a screen. And the next time we get that chance, I'm going to be more serious about making sure our time is just for us.

My love, I've been working on fixing things in my life, and you've been a huge part of that journey, helping me stop old, destructive habits. You've been totally upfront and honest with me, and your deep integrity proved to me that you're not trying to mislead me at all. I remember you were worried I might leave if certain people in my circle talked trash about you—that's not

going to happen. My focus is on you and the life we're building.

Lately, I've been rethinking everything in my life, driven by a desperate need to find something I could control and feel proud of. Every business idea, including [Venture Name], was a lifeline, an attempt to grab onto something that was mine, to drown out the noise telling me I wasn't worth being here. But a big question made me stop: If that original drive disappeared, would I still keep going? If I finally found a peaceful life, without the fear of repeating history, would I still be motivated to keep doing this stuff?

And honestly, yeah, I would. Because underneath the ventures, I found real joy. You've seen my poetry; I actually developed a real skill level. And finding ways to help people, exploring the world, pitching movie scripts—I genuinely love it to my core. I make sure to take tons of pictures and find little souvenirs to bring back home, because imposter syndrome hits me hard. They give me reminders, so if I'm ever in a dark place where the silence is too loud, I can grab one and have that little reminder of how far I've come and that you're there.

Part of me craves that joy, but more than anything, I want a life where I don't have to doubt the people I love or question their motives. I want to do grand gestures for you *just because*. In a way, it's a new art piece, meant to show everything you mean to me from the deepest part of my soul.

Everything I've said in these letters, every line of every poem, every lyric of every song that I wrote about us, about you, no matter how much I dressed it up with cosmic and supernatural language—I do it because it represents the beauty in life I'm trying to capture and keep.

I want the simple, everyday life with you, like going to the grocery store, but I also want the excitement. I remember you saying the only thing you might make me do was go out for little walks with you. And yeah, I would honestly love that. But call me selfish, I want to do a little something more exciting, too. Head out to a show, check out an abandoned castle—I would want you right by my side.

And I'm not going to lie, a part of me has looked into one day sealing the deal, asking the one question every hopeless romantic hopes to be able to ask. I saw the little preview for the new *Pride and Prejudice*—knowing that's your favorite movie—and a part of me pictured putting together something that incorporates those themes, since you said yourself that I apparently remind you of Mr. Darcy. That's the curse of being a creative; you find someone that sparks your mind just right, and a part of you can't help but dream up what could be.

And to you, my Starlight, I truly thank you for giving that back to me. You've been an amazing catalyst. I hope you never forget that, and I hope you never have to doubt that what I feel is real.

I love you. Sweet dreams.

I'm about to take a break from my work, grab some medicine, and try to get some sleep for work tonight. So maybe I'll catch you in Dreamland.

If only we could figure out how to actually teleport to each other, to just see you whenever I wanted. There are the few gifts you sent me. There are the photos on my phone, the videos I've saved. There may be a beat-up old Ford sitting in my driveway right now—all tangible proof that somehow you're real. It would still be nice to finally see your face, to see those eyes of yours in person. When that meeting happens, I know it might be a little awkward at first, but I feel like we'll come out stronger than ever. That's what I honestly believe.

So, I hope you are sleeping soundly. I'm about to go join you in Dreamland. And in case I don't wake up in time, drive safe when you head into work. I hope you got plenty of rest to get through your shift.

I love you forever and always.

My beloved Starlight.

Entry 24

My Dearest,

It's 3:10 in the morning as I write this. I just woke up and have been slowly preparing for the events coming up over the next couple of weeks. I'm still waking up, so please forgive any stumbles in my writing.

As you know, there's been a lot of fighting about me house-sitting for a relative while they and another relative are out of town for a birthday. It's a confusing dynamic; one minute everyone tells me I need to improve and do great things, and the next, they're against me when a sudden opportunity arises. It's not a healthy environment. I think that's why I've been trying to slowly ease up the grip I've had on talking with you, trying to ease up the attachments.

Most days, it's just hard to truly connect with people. And the more I try, the more it emphasizes that I need to get out of here. Not necessarily because the dynamic is toxic, but because I still don't fit in—not with my own family, not with the town I grew up in, and not with the groups I try to associate with.

Finances are slowly freeing up a bit, thanks to the debt relief program and other things, but it's still not enough for what I truly want to do. I'm hoping to show you all of this soon. I miss the days when we were just blowing up each other's phones, but life happens—work, life, busted phones.

I don't know if you saw, but I sent you a couple more payments through a money transfer service to thank you for helping me out with a major expense. I just thought the timing might help you a little, given your back-to-back night shifts and broken phone. I know you say the weekend night shifts get slammed, so I'd much rather you prioritize your own health. As for the phone, well, it's a bit on the pricey side but I've been

eyeballing a company that apparently makes phones that are not only built to take a beating but have high quality IR night vision and FLIR Thermal cameras built into them. Could be a useful tool for ghost hunts, easier to take on the road.

Anyway, that's a topic for another time. I know that you have your own situations to worry about in your life, as do I. But in the recent months, as you know, I've been really pushing to get my own head sorted better so I can be more present for you... for us if the fates allow it.

I'm honestly trying not to get overly obsessive and mess up this good thing we have. It's been driving me nuts to the point where I've even discussed it in therapy. Yes, with a human therapist, but also through an AI integration I've been working on to help people whose schedules are chaotic (like those with night shifts) or to address trigger points more urgently. Even the AI has made some valid points. It's the one that came up with the "satellites, not lifelines" quote that I still absolutely love—it was brilliant.

In the interest of trying to launch a few more satellites, I had a couple of writing opportunities come up yesterday—pitches for both film and TV shows. I figured I'd try them out to see what happens. I still have to maintain my "civilian life" to ensure the bills get paid and there's a steady foundation for what I'm trying to achieve.

As you can probably imagine, the film pitches involved refining some of the pitching materials for a specific project, now that I'm working with the finished scripts instead of rushed pitch materials. Though, to be honest, the rambling man in me might have made the script a little too long, and I'm not sure what to cut to shrink it under the typical 120-page limit for submissions. Still, it doesn't hurt to get my name out there.

The other main pitch for television, the one that surprised me, was based on, well, us. The working title is *Static to Stone*. The pitch came together as a modernized *Pride and Prejudice* with a supernatural psychological twist, using supernatural topics as an external reflection of mental health. The names I picked for the characters are Thomas and Marianne, the same ones I used for the newly engaged couple I put into a potential movie script (which I'm glad didn't take off, as I was able to rebrand it to avoid copyright and keep it in-house). The related album is still making a little money, and the books are still selling. That's all a struggling entrepreneur can ask for without a lot of marketing funds.

If *Static to Stone* gets turned into something down the road, awesome. If not, oh well.

The submission process stated I should hear back in about 90 days. If I don't, I can assume it's not going anywhere and I can do whatever I want with it, which would give me time to put together a proper pilot script or book. I utilized AI to help me gather my thoughts and format everything for a full eight-episode season

outline, just to see what happens. You don't want to put too many eggs in one basket.

It's 3:34 AM now, and I'm tempted to sneak outside. It always seems around this time that the "people from the stars" start showing up more. I think I have the night vision monocular you gave me charged up so I can try to get closer shots if anything happens.

Regarding my plan for the week, I was thinking of setting up cameras, but I was just made aware that there's going to be added surveillance where my relative lives because "punk kids" are messing with people's cars.

I guess the important thing, even though I feel taken advantage of by people who only show interest when they need something from me, is that given how hostile everybody in the house seems to be getting towards each other lately, a brief separation is necessary to prevent further escalation. While my mother is right about that, I'm also starting to notice how often she tends to brush things under the rug instead of dealing with core issues. I guess I'm just at that point in my life where I'm starting to truly reflect on the past and what I want to carry into the future.

My immediate plan is to put together a few months' worth of content for my content channel for a steady stream release, so regardless of what happens with the new civilian job. I have books lined up to publish from now until the beginning of June, and videos scheduled out that far on the video channel. For the shorts and

short-form videos, I'll crop bits and pieces and maybe film a little something while I'm on the road to keep that lively. I also definitely plan on doing some EVP sessions while I'm at my relative's house, as the whole damn town is haunted. I told my boss at my regular job that I'd be more available for potential promotions after the 13th, which will give me a couple of days to settle down after this whole mess. Starting a new job that requires travel and dipping into my own money for gas (especially with my rig) means I'll have to watch myself at first, but it's a transition.

I just turned 30, and I'm trying to follow the advice of motivational entrepreneurs who view this as still being young. Who says you have to have your life figured out by the time you're 25?

To be honest, it feels like I'm flying blind. I hate to make this depressing and keep reiterating the fact that I wasn't expecting to make it this long. Doing these types of things was mostly just to quiet the noise and have a little fun before I left this mortal plane, but now it feels different.

I'm not going to lie, I do have my hopes about us. I framed our relationship, especially in the earlier versions of these letters, as almost something mythological in the making. But in the excitement of it, there's a concept behind mythology that I kind of forgot—and it came up in therapy, too. It's the idea that while these figures who do big, grand things likely existed, people's tendency to play a long version of the game of tele-

phone distorts the truth into something grand. To truly build to that grand scale, we still have to confront the messy human part of it all. We have to confront that messy human part to build towards the stars, not wait for the stars to come crashing down. Because while a star does crash every now and then, the majority usually get burned up before they have a chance to make a landing.

In spite of my best efforts to get involved in some of mankind's space programs, I'm too tall and medically messed up to fit the safety criteria, which sucks. It would have been cool to have the bragging right of being an astronaut and something tangible to say I've been to outer space, instead of just the potential behind some of the UFO abduction stories in my life.

Oh well. Maybe by taking the time to do these journals and attend therapy more, I can clear my head enough to be a little more open to what's out there, to where they feel comfortable showing themselves. As I said before, I've been writing these and suddenly seeing someone standing behind me, who then disappears the second I look. Who knows, right?

But I guess to you, my Dearest, I hope you know that no matter how quiet things may seem between us, no matter how tense things get, my ultimate goal, if things haven't burned out between us by then, is to come see you. I'm just wanting to take the time to get my situation a little better sorted out to ensure that I can still stand tall if what I truly hope happens be-

tween us doesn't come to fruition. I'm getting there, but a part of me still hopes.

And please don't ever doubt how much I love you.

Until next time...

P.S. I may be out at my relative's when you officially have the week off, but if you have the time, I'd love to catch up properly over one of our video dates. I miss those...

Entry 25

Hey Pretty Lady,

It's officially March. Currently, I'm taking a moment away from last minute packing and prep work for an upcoming project to sit down and write this out... too much noise going on at the moment to be able to record a voice entry like I have been. Oh well, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't usually a better writer than I am a speaker - you'd think with my public speaking appearances that such a notion wouldn't still factor into how I operate.

It is my sincere hope that over the course of the next couple weeks there are some significant life changes that I am able to report upon. Some sacrifices have already been implemented in order to better tune how I operate my entrepreneurial ventures in order to allow a more mundane existence to occupy my time. If I may be honest, recent reflections have made me realize my disillusionment within a particular community

may be a small portion of a much larger underlying issue - or perhaps it's more so a realization of what my true ideals were this entire time, and my patience to wait for them to be met has officially run short. Exactly which one it is, I'm still uncertain, though as my mind processes what I am typing... I feel the latter to be most resonant.

For quite some time now, my approach to these dilemmas has often been just to completely dismantle the operation the moment I felt it stepped out of line from the original intentions. Sure, things evolve - and in the realm of business it is only smart to adapt to the rapidly changing climates. But I have often been a man bound by a moral code, one that upon enacting in my business ventures fostered policy documents with enough foundations to rival large corporations. Naturally, in spite of every effort to maintain flexibility, often fostered alienation. In the past, this often made me feel isolated - but I've come to the realization my methods often disrupt society's expectations for everyone to pick their own box and stay in it.

You, yourself, remarked about how I can be a dark horse. I know, from you, it is not a remark of malice - but it serves my point. But, to be fair, it is a notion I am proud of on multiple fronts. In the days that come, I honestly wouldn't want to surround myself with anyone who didn't fit that criteria to an extent. Life is too short not to enjoy a bit of variety.

When that remodel crew came in, and we all had the chance to truly engage with one another, it didn't take long to find that feeling. There was an air of recognition, we all knew the language and manner of others who chose unconventional paths, and it felt freeing in a way. It settled something in my mind and heart that I had struggled with for some time, small town living is not for me. Sure, I enjoy the peace and quiet. I love to have a sky full of stars on a clear summer night, and the only sounds to occupy the morning air being the calls of wildlife and children at play.

But I am too much of a weirdo to not feel the call to hit the road and see what else is out there; to find ways to nurture my talents and interests in circles many around me still believe to be impossible to achieve without being some "special person." I'm far from special, just a guy with a few tricks up his sleeve others don't possess.

In many ways I found that in you; though your chaotic work schedule seems to deprive you of time to fully nurture the potential. The struggles of being a modern human, am I right?

I guess what I am trying to say is that in these last few months... I've really started to evaluate what it is I want to carry over into the future I am trying to build. With that notion, it is also weighing on me what I want to leave behind - perhaps it is acknowledging what I'd have to let go of in order to make it happen. The biggest example of this? It may sound harsh but, I

think it may be about time to estrange myself from the rest of my family - which unfortunately means that by default leaving a young relative behind. I know I'm not a parent, the child isn't my responsibility, but I've made it a point to spend time with the child practically every day since the child was brought home from the hospital.

I sometimes try to think about that week the child was gone with other relatives to another state and the only way they could get the child to settle was by playing old episodes of a certain show. It's a nice memory to hold onto so I can remind myself there's still some purity left in the world.

But, you said it yourself, there will always be something an anxious mind will try to use as an excuse not to move on with life.

I've discussed this notion while in therapy, and so far some tangible advice has come forward. It seems my therapist has been determined to try and help guide me to a place where I don't feel as... clingy to your presence in my life. I understand that regardless of how things evolve between us, being able to stand as my own person will be important for my ability to remain as present in the moment and not fall into old patterns which strained previous relationships... though part of me feels odd about it being that I keep a pillow with your picture close to me at night - even taking it with me when I know I'm going to be out of town.

I guess it just means I still have a ways to go to fully heal. The urge to look into requirements for certain therapy trials, knowing they have been documented to rewrite a trauma brain in a single dose, has actually entered my mind - for both my own healing and genuine curiosity to how potential experiences may change. Would it open me further? Or would the corrections to my neurological wiring make it so my reliance on it as an escape from my troubles would no longer be necessary?

That is truly a voyage of it's own.

Anyway, that's for another time. I really should get some sleep for work tonight. Tomorrow I gotta finish getting my things packed, as the plan is to head straight to a relative's house after I get off work early Tuesday morning. Pending how I feel and weather restrictions, we'll see from there how I proceed with the planned watch. The town the relative lives already has a substantial history of unexplained activity; likely as a mix of historical struggles, rushes, and the town's tendencies to drive people into despair - something is pretty much guaranteed to happen.

Anyway, I know we kinda danced around it a bit but I hope you manage to get the new phone ordered so we can try for a video date when you're on your annual leave. I miss your voice, but like I said, no rush. I don't want you to think I want to be at my beck and call... that wouldn't be good for either of us.

To You, My Starlight ... don't forget me.

Entry 26

To My Starlight,

Hey, you. I hope you managed to have a nice shower and are drifting off to sleep before your big day tomorrow. I know you're going to try to live stream it and probably have a little better luck with that than the other place you were at. If I'm not in a deep sleep—because I am still juggling my night shift job while house-sitting for my relative—I'll definitely pop in to try to support you. I've got to support my lady.

Why didn't you tell me sooner about the TV thing? I know you're kind of nervous, and you probably thought you did but just got caught up in the chaos of everything going on. And I know you're not feeling well, so I'm not trying to give you grief, but you have a news interview this weekend! That is awesome. I am honestly very proud of you. Truly, I am. You're one of the few people who genuinely deserves recognition. And I mean that from the bottom of my heart. I really do. I know you're nervous about being on camera and getting asked all those questions. And like I said, if you need a few bits of encouragement, you're more than welcome to give me a shout. I might still send you a little something to wake up to to, you know, boost your confidence a bit. But honestly, I am proud of you.

It's funny you shared that right as I woke up this morning to the news that a well-known society for research is actually wanting to review one of the books I did about parapsychology. Which is a big deal because

it is a recognized academic institution. It's not just some news report or some show; it's academic circles, which holds weight if it goes somewhere. So, I guess we should be proud of both of us. We're putting in the work, getting things done, and being recognized for it in spite of everything that put us to the test.

Compared to the chaos from the few days before coming in to help my relative, I needed that alleviation. I'll be honest, I came close to having to get physical because my mother was completely lashing out, getting physical with my sibling. In the process, she endangered my niece and the pets because cleaning chemicals started getting spilled into their water. Had I not caught that, it would have been a very different discussion. So, honestly, I'm about to look at my mother and say, "Don't you ever ask me to watch over anything if she's going to act like that. I don't want any association. I'm done."

I'm going to start putting more focus into building my life because—and it sounds harsh—my siblings, all of them (or at least some of the older ones), my mother, my family... there are aspects of them where they will not run interference if it causes medical concerns, if it causes literal life-or-death concerns. They won't for people who won't even change their behavior when they're pushed to the absolute limits and risking not only themselves but others. Those are not people I want to keep around in my life anymore.

You know, honestly, like I told you, the only thread of "home" that is within this physical vicinity that still holds any significant meaning is my niece. I am trying to reestablish bridges with my other brothers and sisters, but obviously, given all that's happened and how long the estrangement was, that's going to take some time to rebuild. But you know what? If it works out, it'll be worth it. If not, I just have to accept the fact that we all have been on different paths for quite some time.

But enough of that. I don't want to be focusing on this negative stuff, you know. Maybe it's just to air my concerns, maybe just to loosen up the pressure, because talking about it helps alleviate that pressure enough for me to think clearly. Especially since I'm trying to turn this housesitting into a little bit of a watch for unusual sightings, I need to keep up my mentality. Got to keep good vibes, as they say. No matter what, it'll be worth it. It is. It's going to be worth it.

And I know it's probably going to be a little bit before you see this, so I'll go ahead and confess this. As far as the little travel job, yes, I did tell my boss that I was interested in the alternative position she was talking about, if it comes down to it. But to be honest—and I'm purposely holding out to avoid trying to make any rash life decisions when I'm fired up (I'm fired up for all the wrong reasons, I should say)—I have been looking into some other job opportunities. Some that would put me on the road, some that may actually put me in another country.

So, I'll just say this: Nothing's set in stone yet. It's still early in the game, and I'm looking through the exact logistics of it all, but there is a slight chance that I may be getting involved in a program that will allow me to find work close to you. This is especially why I don't want to say too much until I have a little more information. The thought of trying to revisit this idea came to me honestly as I managed to find my old passport while packing up to come out here to my relative's. Now granted, the passport itself is almost two years expired. The last time I really used it was when I went down to a specific major city in a southern state for the conference because the "Real ID," as they call it for hearing-impaired individuals, started to get enacted, and I thought I'd just use my passport to avoid having to go through the motor vehicle options. But I let myself stagnate for so long that getting a Real ID to hop on a plane, at least domestically, was the cheaper and faster option for these potential new job opportunities. That'll still have me in the United States, but it'll at least be more opportunities for me to get away.

Because I'll be honest, I am not in a position financially to find my own place. But I figured if I look into some of these travel jobs, it'll be like moving out without physically moving out just yet. So obviously, I need to focus on logistics. And the last time that I just went to grab a plane and book an accommodation to fly out to see my last major long-distance relationship, that kind of buried me in—that's part of what buried me

into this hole that I'm in. Not emotionally, but financially. So, I'm still recovering from that. But the debt relief program has been going well. It's been docking down a lot of the payments I've had to make, and I actually managed to clear one recently. So, progress is being made. We're getting there. We're getting there. I don't like the slow grind, but right now it's at least momentum. I can still pursue some of my other creative projects in hopes for some "magic bullets" to fully pay off everything and everybody, including you. But at least this way there's still some sort of movement, and I'm not risking letting myself fall deeper.

So, there's that development. And I don't know, maybe if we find the time to have one of our video dates here soon, I'll run the idea by you. Just see, because while yes, it would be to sort of claim my independence, I'm not going to lie that you are a major factor in what direction I am wanting to go, so to speak. I'll still have my projects. I'll still be building that. I'll still go on unusual location explorations. Hell, I want to go on unusual location explorations with you, man. I would even want to try some of the ideas we thought of about letting ourselves fall into some incredibly passionate and intense sex before an exploration, just to see what happens.

But it's not just you. I'll say that it's not just you. Obviously, as you know through some of my public efforts, I do already have other interests that happen to be in the same country as well. And I would love to go

see them in person and just explore a little bit more of that country because the last time I was out there, like I told you, we only really went through two major cities. Which was fine. My goal for that trip was a famous loch. And there's a thing on a major documentary channel that shows how well that went. But oh well.

I'm honestly feeling really good. I'm feeling myself in a much better headspace than I was when I started these journals. I guess in some way I do have to thank you for that. But I've also been discussing some of these ideas in therapy, and my therapist made a valid point. I think I mentioned this before, but I'll just go ahead and say it again: I shouldn't put too much reliance on us. Even though yes, I still believe everything happened, it doesn't affect how much I care for you. I can't go a day without thinking about you. And as much as I'm trying to not let myself get absorbed into those thoughts, I do worry when I don't hear from you. Even when I know that all is good between us, that you are feeling sick, or you're just busy at work, or you're on a trip. I do worry when I don't hear from you, which is part of the reason why I try to absorb myself into my work a little bit more just to give myself a distraction. But even then, I still find myself double-checking notifications just to make sure that I wasn't in a brief dead zone and that I didn't hear the ringtone I set for you go off.

And in the event you do get to see these journals, please don't ever let that be a reason why you need to

feel shackled. That's my own anxieties coming forward. That's my battle, my cross to bear, my load to sort out. It's nothing directly to do with you. It's just my own overthinking, insecurities, trying to get the better of me. I acknowledge that. And hopefully, the fact that I can acknowledge it means I can beat it. So if that miraculous day where we find ourselves in person goes to happen and things go well, I can be prepared for whatever choice we have to make next, because I know by then it's going to deal a major blow to both of us now that the digital ghost this relationship sometimes feels like will no longer be the case.

So, I guess to you, my Starlight, I hope I can honestly be the right kind of person you deserve. I honestly do hope that you choose me. But above all, I hope you find happiness. I hope you find strength. I hope you find prosperity. I hope you find health. And I hope that you just continue to be the amazing person that you are. No matter what happens, even if we have to go our separate ways. Yeah, it'll hurt like hell, but I'll power through. I always manage to power through.

I love you forever and always.

Entry 27

To You, My Starlight,

Hey you. I just woke up from a short nap. It's almost 5:30 in the afternoon on March 6th. I'm still at my relative's place, keeping an eye on it.

I have to admit, aside from the weather interrupting the "planned UFO watch," it has been a surprisingly reflective few days, and I still have a few more left. The isolation away from the more stressful family units has allowed me to calm down and process things. Naturally, you came up quite a bit in those thoughts. Not in a negative way, but as I try to process everything that's going on.

I don't know. When I started to record these sessions, I felt like the glimpses of the drama that you were catching on to might have started to push you away. Maybe you realized something was inherently wrong and I didn't seem to be trying to improve, so you began to step away to protect yourself.

Now, in this silence, I'm realizing that part of it is I'm simply not used to things getting comfortable in a relationship. I realize that while part of me wants to move forward, it's just that I'm not used to making it this far. I think before you, the longest relationship I was in was about eight months, still within that timeframe of "puppy love."

But then I also remembered that you gave me a warning that conditions tend to get the better of you toward the winter months. And considering last year around this time, we were just about to discuss the idea of us staying together after you had to walk away due to what was happening, I guess I panicked, fearing that the same thing was happening again. And you were nowhere near close enough for me to reach out.

Yes, I could text you, or maybe leave you a little voicemail or whatever the case may be. You know, stick with that promise we made to each other that we'd at least make an effort to check in when we could, when we have things going on, just to let the other know, "Hey, we're still good."

But I realize that a part of me wants to move forward with us, to remove the layers of ambiguity. The fear I've mentioned before, not just in this diary but in others, was a genuine fear of the unknown and how much you make me vulnerable. Since you came into my life, I can't maintain the stoic framework anymore. I've lost enough of that weight that the armor just sags on me; it doesn't stay on. And everything I've been trying to hide underneath is coming to the surface.

When I talked about these feelings in therapy, they became so strong that it started to feel like I was having a panic attack. And I honestly feel that attempting to affect me right now as I'm speaking.

The truth is, I want to keep you in my life. I want to physically see you. I want to hold you. I want to be there when you're ill, to go on little mundane grocery trips with you, go for little walks down the street. Whatever the case may be, I just want you. And it kills me not to have that.

The last time I felt anything this intense was when my siblings were put into foster care after what a parent was doing came to light. I was so scared to lose them that I swore I'd seen them as shadow apparitions. I'd

hear their voices, I'd feel their bodies slamming into mine, like they were all trying to tackle me at once, realizing I was visiting.

But the thing is with you, yes, we've had our differences. Those are unavoidable in any relationship. We've had our issues. We've had our doubts. We've had our fights. But with you, I legitimately cannot say that I've ever doubted just how good you were to me, how loving. It's a sensation I've never felt before. I didn't even feel this strongly towards my former partner, may they rest in peace.

It's fitting, you know, that one Christmas podcast where we met, I used a modified picture of a well-known fictional character to make it look a little bit more like myself under the makeup. And now I'm at a point where that character's heart starts growing.

I find it funny how when you and I got to talking, I'd essentially filter myself through a persona of dark charm. And now I'm yelling, "What the hell is happening to me?" in the middle of my therapy sessions. Because the source of power that helped me feel strong all my life is gone. Or at least it felt that way. I don't have the "tough-guy facade" anymore. I just see the person underneath who just wants to be loved coming through because he found the love he was looking for. Not necessarily in the cosmic sense, even though that still does apply, but in the sense that he feels like he has a future where he doesn't have to feel like he's at war. He can just simply be. He can create. He can have

little adventures. He can be poetic. He can write music. Not for any purpose other than just to exist. And it is both liberating and frightening. But you gave me that gift.

And seeing how you're prospering, how you're flourishing, I just want to be a part of your world like you've been a part of mine. Even some of my dearest friends who know about us, they know about you. They say the same thing that I do: that I need to hurry up and commit to you. They don't know the full schematic of the situation. As far as they know, they only know about the distance. They know that you loaned me the money so I could get my car. They know that every now and then I try to help you out with some of your business stuff.

It goes without saying that some of the biggest moves that I've made with my company, with my investigations, with my life, you were the spark that lit the fire to make it all happen.

And even now, as I'm trying not to rely too much on cosmic imagery to define us, to try to better build the human connection between us, a part of me still sees the number of synchronicities. They keep telling me to get my ass across the ocean and get to you.

And well, I've been trying to save this for a proper video chat so we can have the time to really talk about that potential change. But I will say this, it's been strongly advised that I get my passport renewed here soon.

I love you and miss you.

I miss blowing up each other's phones. I miss hearing your voice. I was kicking myself when I saw that I missed the live stream you did with you and your sister just because I was trying to catch up on sleep. I know you would probably prefer that I was catching up on sleep, knowing my schedules. But still, it's like we said before, when a part of you longs for somebody, you have a tendency to try to grip onto every little thing you can get, to hold on to them tight, and you can't do much else.

So, my Starlight, I feel like there's going to come a time between us where we're going to have to do what we've been avoiding and officially set where this is going. And to do that, I may have to put us both into some very tense positions by eliminating the screens that we could easily hide behind. And if I go to pull it off, please trust that this is not meant to be an attack toward you. It is something that I feel probably should have been done sooner to figure out about us. And I'm sorry in advance if that causes you any grief.

I do love you. And I hope that no matter what you choose, you choose with whatever truly feels right in your heart. Because I know we're both going to be making a big risk.

I'll try to send you something encouraging before you do your little TV thing tomorrow. I don't know if you'll see it in time, but I just know that you don't like cameras being put on you and that you're a bit nervous.

And as someone who has active assets being evaluated for potential productions on top of a few other things, believe me, I understand those nerves.

I love you with all my heart. No matter what happens, please keep flying.

Entry 28

To My Dearest Love,

I'm sitting here, thinking about maybe taking a walk—it looks like a beautiful day. Lately, something's been on my mind, especially after our brief conversations. I can't shake the feeling that something is weighing on you that you're not ready to discuss. Please know that I'm not here to pressure you. The only time I would ever interfere with your choices is if I genuinely feared they might cause you harm.

I understand and respect your dedication to moderating live streams. It's a noble effort; it gives you a chance to connect with others interested in the paranormal, and it seems to work well for you. You are one of the very few people whose opinions on that dynamic I truly respect.

The peace I've found back in my old neighborhood, without the constant fighting, has really helped me gain perspective—not just on life, but on us. Figuring out how to move forward with you has been a constant thought. I've even dropped hints about visiting soon, emphasizing that nothing was set in stone because I

remember how worried you were last time I brought it up. Your worry is completely understandable, and I am not judging you for it. If I were going to judge you, I wouldn't have stayed this long. If things were to go wrong, I'm just as vulnerable as you are.

As I've said before, and hinted at in the video message I sent before an opportunity you had was canceled, I never want you to forget me, and I desperately don't want us to crash and burn. I've had incredible opportunities myself—tasting the very excitement we've critiqued others for chasing when their egos hurt people. My business is growing, thanks in part to your suggestions. Hell, I even brought a pillow with an image of you to my relative's place, just to have a piece of you with me when I manage to sleep. It feels strange, because the last time I longed for someone this much, my anxiety about losing loved ones was so intense I started hallucinating.

I'm not saying this to make you feel guilty. I know we're thousands of miles apart, with conflicting schedules that make proper communication difficult. Lately, our interactions feel like passing notes in a school hallway—meaningful, yes, but I miss the times when it felt like just you and me, and that was all that mattered.

This longing—to see you, to hold you, to kiss those precious lips, to simply share a silent moment with you in my arms—actually inspired a brand new song that I've pitched to record labels. If it doesn't get picked up, I'll release it myself through my own platform. It wasn't

until I used AI to create a quick demo that I realized the song's concept is similar to "The Man I Want to Be" by Chris Young, but instead of calling out to a higher power, it's a man sitting down with his grandfather. He's asking the one good man he knew—the one who made it "'til death do us part"—how he knew his grandmother was the one. It's about a young man needing a father figure, who passed away long ago, who wants guidance on love from the person who did it right.

Things are happening for me: my adult fantasy books are doubling or more of my platform's income, and one of my books is even being considered for review by a highly respected research society (hosted by a major university), which is huge, especially since another prestigious university already uses some of my books in circulation. I've also been pitching a project of mine to more studios and plan to re-release it with a polished cover and a soundtrack note. A part of that book was absolutely pushed forward by the motivation I felt from having you in my life.

Honestly, that's why it stings when I hint at showing up to visit you and you don't acknowledge it. My therapist suggested that given what I know about your current situation, you might not be ready to discuss it until things are more concrete. I sincerely hope that's the case.

I cherish having you in my life and I'd be a fool to let you go easily. But I need to know we're moving toward something, that we won't stay stuck in this stag-

nation. I know the distance and my need to solidify my finances are factors, but I just need some confirmation that this isn't for nothing.

I want to get married one day; I want to have kids. I know you've had challenges in that area, and I stand by my openness to adoption. There are so many kids who deserve the love and care they're not getting, and the world's indifference is heartbreaking. We can't save them all, but we can save the ones we can.

I know I'm getting sidetracked—I never deny that. I hate the circumstances we found ourselves in. I know what we both have to do is going to test us, cause heartache, and feel like an earthquake, but there is no one else I would want to take this journey with. If I can be selfish for one minute, it's to say: **I want to be your husband.**

However, I will respect it if you choose to stay true to your current situation. The only thing I ask is that you tell me straightforwardly. It would hurt, but I'd rather be told the truth than be left wondering "what if."

Regardless of how you hear this new song, know that it's how I feel, and I don't see that changing. I want to marry you. The vulnerability I feel with you is genuinely terrifying, but aspects of who you are have been the catalyst for me to become the man I want to be.

To you, my starlight angel: Thank you for being that light. I love you.

I hope you got a chance to see your sister and your parents today. I think I'm going to tire myself out with that walk I mentioned, after a light lunch, so I can get some sleep before work tonight.

I love you. If I'm right about something weighing on you, I hope it's easing up. My line is always open if you need to talk.

Entry 29

To You, My Starlight,

Hey you. I wanted to write a little something while I'm slowly getting ready for work. It's March 9th. My mother and grandmother are due back either late tomorrow night or early Wednesday morning—at least, that's what they told me. Regarding the UFO watch, I think I have a good amount of footage to review. Honestly, I'm feeling a bit burned out and don't really want to go back, but I know I can't just stay here.

I'm fairly certain my uncle and my little cousin are going to be visiting soon, like I mentioned in my last text. My cousin sounds annoyed with his younger sisters; I suppose he's at that age, and with twin sisters, he's dealing with double trouble. I can't say I blame him. It's kind of funny because he looks like he could pass off as my son, and we share a lot of similarities. And again, his dad, my uncle, and I are constantly mistaken for each other. Apparently, there's another guy somewhere in the area who looks just like us, but I

haven't seen him myself, or at least not that I'm aware of, so I can't say for sure. Just a random little tid-bit—not really all that important, I guess.

What's important is just airing out what's on my mind right now. It seems like you have enough going on in your world that making time to talk to the one person I want to talk to about all this is running a little slim. I know we had to organize ourselves a certain way because of our situation. Right now, the only thing keeping me somewhat afloat is the reminder that if something was truly wrong, you would say something. You might take a moment to collect yourself if needed, but if something was truly wrong between us, you would say it. I'm just trying to learn how to silence that overthinking part of my brain that's trying to say something's amiss. It's similar to when I was asking you if some of our old problems were trying to resurface—if you know who I mean. But it doesn't seem like you were all that concerned, outside of, you know, technical frustrations.

I've got to level with you on that. I made a promise that if those individuals tried to come back into my life, I would give them the same attention I would give a new wart on the skin: acknowledge that it's there, do what I need to do to treat it, bandage any wounds left behind, and just move on. There's no real point in letting tempers fly. I think the one who tried to mend bridges—the one I told you about—is giving up on that

idea. Do I forgive him for what happened? Yes. But frankly, I would not be able to trust him.

I know you've tried to say that I shouldn't let myself get so focused on that, but it's a matter of personal principle. Not only did these people, one whom I thought of as a brother, go after someone I have fallen hard in love with, but in the process of their actions, they endangered children. They went after people who are sick with cancer. That's just not something I'm ever going to associate with. If I have to for any situation, that relationship is going to be strictly transactional. Once business is done, we go our separate ways. I'll be civil about the ordeal because there's no point in wasting blood pressure on them, but I'm not bringing that into my new life.

I don't know. I guess a part of me is still trying to figure out what comes next, you know? And to be honest with you, yes, I've talked about our situation a little bit more openly in therapy, regarding certain aspects that we agreed I'd leave out if I referenced us, and just leave the public explanation as respecting your privacy.

And I'll be honest, I kind of got upset with my therapist. I tried to hint in some of our recent exchanges that I've been looking into coming your way again. To finally break this distance. To see you in person. I'm not expecting some big romantic gesture, because making that trip is going to be big enough alone for the both of us. I'm not expecting some intense, passionate,

sexually-filled week. But just to see you. And it kind of stung that you didn't really acknowledge it.

The reason why I got upset with my therapist was that they seemed to cycle like a broken record on me removing you from the equation. Not for us to break up, but just to ensure my motivations aren't strictly locked onto a future that you and I both already know is going to cause pain—not just for us, but for others whom our choices are going to affect. And I know that you express concerns about how you'd be perceived if the truth got out. I've worried about that too. I don't want to put you in that position, but I'm also getting to a point where things have just gotten too deep for me, where I'm questioning whether or not to keep holding on if I don't have some sort of indication that we're moving forward.

I absolutely do treasure you. I know from the bottom of my heart that this bond between us, regardless if it has supernatural connections or not, helped forge me into a better man. But the version of me that was willing to sit in ambiguity, sheltered by intensity, is fading away. And the one who is coming into his place has things that he wants to do, but he also wants to do it for the right reasons.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that I know the thought may scare the hell out of you. I know that maybe because of how long the text messages were, you may have just skipped over it because you have a lot going on right now. I don't want to try to put words

in your mouth or dictate your actions. But right now, it feels like any engagement between us is the modern technological equivalent of passing notes to each other in the school hallway, knowing that that's going to be the only chance we actually have to have a conversation.

In fact, I know you probably figured this was going to be the case but didn't want to shoot me down. When I told you that if you managed to get your phone situated and you had some free time while you were on your annual leave, and if you wanted to, I would love nothing more than to have one of our video calls, even though I'm at my grandmother's. Anyway, I wouldn't have any interruptions and I wanted to talk, and I want to talk to you when I can hear your voice, I can see your reactions, I can hear your tone. Basically, I can physically register everything that can easily be hidden within a text when I brought up the idea of me coming to your location.

I don't know. Maybe you focusing on just me getting the passport was your way of nudging me in the right direction to see if I would actually follow through. Because I'm just going to say this: maybe the version of me that you initially encountered when we first got together, first got to know one another, was looking to bury himself in obscurity. But the version of myself that you have been the catalyst of bringing forward—he's a little bit more determined to go after what he wants. And what he wants is you.

It may take some time to get everything together. I'll likely still try to do some odd side jobs on top of wherever my civilian job direction goes to try to get a little bit more money under my belt to make things happen. I've already started charting costs. I've already started putting together a separate savings pocket to fund it.

I'm coming.

I'm not going to pressure you into sex. I'm not going to be looking to pressure you to make any final decisions. But I know we can't sit in this ambiguity forever. I know that we can't cement the possibility until we make some sort of plan. Start breaking the digital ambiguity. I don't want to force my hand. I don't want to force it. Trying to force answers before is what contributed to my financial issues.

But I'm coming.

I just hope that with whatever you decide to do, whatever choice you make in regards to us, you truly follow your heart. But make the choice you can live with. Because right now, the way I see it, I'm trying to work on standing strong regardless of your choice. To know that whatever changes we have to make in order to allow for us to have a fighting chance to truly be together. I know both of us are going to have to make serious sacrifices. Yours may be a little bit more intense than mine. But if we're going to keep going, it's a bridge we're going to have to cross.

No more fantasy. Sure, maybe UFOs, ghosts, cryptids, whatever the circumstances we find ourselves in

become a part of those adventures. And I do hope that we get the chance to go on those types of trips together because I think we could work beautifully together in that regard. But what I want is you. And if I can't have that, I need to know so we can both move on without this hanging over our heads.

This is not a conversation I wanted to have, and I've been keeping these thoughts mostly to myself for the time being. I do not want this to come across as me attacking you in any way, shape, or form. I am not judging who you are as a person. I am choosing to be a part of this because I admire our emotional connection, the way we bounce off of each other intellectually. But I also can't deny how much it hurts knowing that the little shreds of conversation you and I get to have are set to disappear after a couple of days, while those who get to see this other side of you—the side I want to see for myself in person—get to be broadcast to the public.

I don't care about social media. I don't care about live streams or anything like that. If that's what you truly want to do, if that's how you want to help boost up your confidence to get yourself out there, you have my full, unquestioning support. If there's something that I can maybe help you with on the technical side of things, just give me a holler, and I'll do what I can to help you, as you have done to try to help me. That is not out of the question.

But I have fallen hard in love with you. I have never felt this way, even about my own past relationship. I've

literally practiced scenarios about how I would propose to you and put them into my books as a cover, as a way to potentially manifest that possibility. But instead of just sitting here praying, it's time for me to get boots on the ground.

So, know without a doubt: I am coming. And I'm sorry if this makes you cry, if the difficulty of the choice seems to overwhelm you. I know that we never expected things to go this far, but call me crazy that I don't want to just stop what has been the most amazing, soul-nourishing experience I have ever had. The best relationship I've ever been in.

I want to be the man you deserve. And I feel like I'm taking the steps in the right direction to make that happen. But as much as I choose you, I need to be choosing myself as well. What form that takes, I'm not exactly sure.

But to you, my Starlight, know this: You've left a mark on me that would make it very difficult for anybody else to measure up to. I don't want anybody else to even try. I want you.

Entry 30

My Dearest,

Hey you. Today is March 11th, 2026.

Honestly, after our brief exchange last night, I couldn't help but wake up worrying about you. You are a strong-willed person—probably the most strong-

willed I've ever known or been with. I admire that about you. I respect the hell out of you for it. But with an upcoming surgery looming, that strength isn't enough to settle the anxiety I feel.

I know you'll probably be okay. Every effort I've made to try and peer into the future, using some of the more unconventional methods that I know, dictates that you're going to be okay. Still, I'll admit, the part of me that would start breaking down doors just to be there for you is still tugging at my heartstrings.

I suppose this is one of those times where falling in love feels like a catch-22. I even talked about it briefly with my therapist. She agreed with the notion I brought up—that while I naturally wouldn't want to test our boundaries with something this intense, it's moments like these where things truly matter.

Like I mentioned in the voice note I left you last night when you told me you were having another down day, and that putting it off wasn't really working in your favor, I hate not being there to help you - I will still be here waiting for you. Though, I have to admit, I was kind of impressed when you said you were thinking about trying hypnotherapy to ease your anxiety about the procedure. It's definitely a different approach, but if it works for you, it works for you.

But I digress. I just don't know what else to really say. I hate not being able to be there, even just to give you a hug, even though I know you try to be strong.

And you know what? I'm even willing to admit that perhaps the hug is more for myself.

My therapist asked me when I told her what was going on: what would I want my energy to project towards you if we were sitting right across from each other? I couldn't help but start crying when I told her that I wouldn't be able to fight the urge to just hold you tight, hoping that the little bit of warmth I'm able to give you in that moment is enough to nudge things into something better. Even now as I'm talking about it, I feel myself starting to cry.

I've even thought about getting this properly formatted into a book and sending you a copy, but some of the deeper confessions that I've compiled in these entries might be a little much, at least for now.

Honestly, I don't know what else to do other than keep doing what I'm doing. A part of me almost feels like it's trying to hide the fact that I'm feeling this way. But if I were to try to put everything on pause just because I feared losing somebody—somebody important—then I wouldn't have gotten anywhere in life. Ultimately, I'd be disrespecting your memory, and that's not what I want to do, especially for you.

But I also have to admit, knowing that you're having these issues that are flaring up, I also feel like a bit of an ass trying to nudge you into a video date, knowing that you're not feeling well. Still, I stand by what I said in the video message and what I've said a few thousand

times before: I would much rather you take the time to do what you have to do to get better.

Yes, I worry about you. And as far as I'm concerned, if you didn't want me to worry about you so damn much, you wouldn't have made it so damn easy to fall in love with you.

I worry about you, and I'm glad that when you find just enough of a calm moment, you still reach out to let me know you're still there. I do appreciate that. I'm trying to avoid the urge to obsessively text you over and over again to pressure you into an answer. I guess given the circumstances we find ourselves in, we're doing better than most, right?

But to you, my angel, know that just because I may not be able to come for you now like I want to, doesn't mean I won't. I still see a happy future for you. A long future.

And you know what? I'm going to say this. I hope I legitimately wouldn't have to, but I'm going to say it anyway: If it comes down to the point where you have to have the surgery and you worry about the scars it may leave behind, please don't ever think that I care for you so little that something like that would matter to me. I'm only saying this because I've mentioned thinking that the second you start showing signs of age and getting wrinkles, that somehow that would make me not want you. But the reality is, I fell in love with your soul, not your body. Even though your body does make

it hard to keep my eyes off of you, the soul within you is what I fell in love with.

And it reminds me of that little quote you sent me when we first started getting together: "For it was not into my ear you whispered, but into my heart. It was not my lips you kissed, but my soul."

I still have that quote saved, because in such a weird way, it still describes us perfectly, doesn't it?

All my love...

Entry 31

To You, My Starlight,

Today is the 14th of March. I figured between your illness taking hold and that you're going out for an investigation tonight; I may not get to hear from you much - or if at all today. Honestly it still gets under my skin and has been a somewhat recurring, and lightly embarrassing, topic during therapy. There are those, especially my therapist, who try to be supportive and remind me that such an obsession is unhealthy and could build underlying resentment that jeopardizes our relationship before it has a chance to prosper.

I miss seeing your pictures blow up my phone. I miss hearing your voice in moments belonging just to us. I miss you... and hate that I'm not there to see you fly and nurse you when you fall.

I guess the jealousy of those who get to see you still ruminates underneath my skin.

My heart still beats for you, crying out because of knowing you may need surgery soon. I'm honestly looking into what I can sell to move quickly to close the gap between us. Perhaps fear of losing you still pushes me. Which, in a seemingly cruel irony, finds me fighting a head cold as I write this out - unable to think of practical logistics.

But I suppose that doesn't matter just yet. Between acquiring a new passport, plotting budgeting to comfortably make the trip, perhaps finding a new or secondary job to work myself for the funds quicker (as the travel job seems to have gone quiet and nah not happen), it will take time to get things right.

If only I could win the lottery.

I apologize if I seem particularly down in this entry... I should probably be sleeping more to get rid of this head cold.

I suppose I just wish we didn't have to hide anymore...

Oh, before I forget... there's something odd that happened at my elder family member's place after I left from watching it. Apparently, they went to clean the sheets off their bed, and the bed was covered in long white feathers... they have no birds or feather based bedding. My family member jokes I must've had angels stop by.

If they only knew the truth about their relative...

Just something odd to note for later.

Anyway, I should get some sleep. Be safe. If you happen to do a livestream from your wanted hunt tonight I'll try to catch it. I gotta support my lady, right?

I love you, forever and always 💎

P.S. Your new photo you posted on social media looks great!

Entry 32

Hey you.

Today is Monday, March 16th, just after 6:30 for me. Tomorrow is St. Patrick's Day.

I haven't stopped thinking about our conversation last night, where you mentioned feeling low since December and that you are considering anti-depressants or anti-anxiety medications to help you cope while addressing your medical issues.

I'm not going to lie; given my history, the thought of you having problems—the thought that you're unwell—and me being nowhere near close enough to visit you, to try and do more, to be there for you... it honestly scares the hell out of me. Even though, frankly, I have to admit, what more could I honestly do with physical proximity, you know? What more could I do, as someone who has spent most of his life trying to protect the people he loves, trying to be there for those he cares about in ways he wished people had been there for him? It's a difficult adjustment.

In fact, the only thing slowing me down from looking into selling things I'm not using, or maybe picking up a second job to come see you sooner, is this damn head cold.

This sucks, hun. I hate not being able to be there for you. I hate that we're still keeping things a secret. I hate how much I can't hold you right now.

You're a strong woman, don't get me wrong, and I admire the hell out of you for it. And I admire you for taking steps to try and overcome this.

I'm trying not to get too jealous of the fact that you're hopping over to some social media live stream to distract yourself long enough to feel better. I don't know, part of me just feels like I'm not doing enough. And I wholeheartedly admit that that's probably doing more damage to myself than to anything else, because I worry about you.

And maybe part of you holds back on talking because you don't want me to worry. You fear that me worrying about you will somehow inhibit what's going on in my life. Quite frankly, I'm at a point where I'm not giving any more attention to bullshit, I want to move forward with the genuinely good things in my life.

I mean, like I was telling you, a relative's father tried to take her. I've only gotten involved enough in that mess because, well, for one, I obviously care about my relative, but I also may have found the woman who was with him when he tried to take her. I forwarded that information, but whether or not that's actually be-

ing handled, I don't know. After the last big fight that broke out in the house, I confessed that I was trying to step away, which apparently to them means I was going to start cutting out a specific person, which is far from the case. As far as my family is concerned, this specific person is "Switzerland turf," as I called it to my therapist.

I digress. I guess I'm still trying to process everything with a head full of crap.

I just don't know. I just don't want to feel like a second priority for someone who has been such a gift in my life, you know. Since you came around, I've worked on some of my best music. Some of my best art and some of my biggest achievements have happened because of your influence. And I'm not a fool to let someone like that go. I'm not a fool to let someone like that walk out of my life. I guess I just miss us talking to each other.

But if doing all those live streams is helping you in ways that I can't, then please, you do whatever you have to do to get better. That is the priority. Not social media, not any TV appearance, not any ghost hunt. You getting better is what's important.

Because I don't think I'll be able to handle it if something were to happen and you were to join the spirits, for lack of a better word.

Making myself cry again.

Anyway, I should get going. I hope to hear from you tonight before you go to bed.

I'm always here for you. Just say the word and I'll be there.

I love you, my Starlight.

Entry 33

My Dearest,

Hey you. It's March 17th. Happy St. Patrick's Day.

I haven't really heard from you much since last night, and I just... I don't know. I saw your St. Patrick's Day post. Knowing what you're going through, or having heard about it, I guess I'm just worried about you.

My therapist suggested that perhaps I should view your engagement with these online activities and personal ventures much like how I used my own projects to distract myself from something that was really bothering me back in the day. I suppose they're right. I mean, despite the distance, we are so alike in many ways. It's almost spooky at times. Given our history, it's enough to make me wonder if a part of you somehow senses when I'm recording these messages.

I'm trying my best not to obsessively blow up your phone just because I want to hear from you, freaking out because I'm not there physically. I... I don't know. You've impacted me more deeply than anyone else in this life. And some days, especially with looming issues, I just don't know how to handle that.

But most importantly, I'd hate to be the reason you stopped trying to do what you needed to do to get

through this. And I'd hate for us both to feel like we have to tackle things alone. I know that feeling all too well. When I come to care about someone, especially like I care about you, it's hard for me not to at least make my presence known. I've had to learn how to step back over the years because there were times I became a little overbearing and made situations worse than they needed to be.

Over the last few months, with what I guess we've both been going through, I'm starting to realize that the distraction I used—my projects, appearances, writing all these books, making art—it's not working for me anymore. Yes, I still feel the urge to create, but the ability to hide behind my craft has almost built up a tolerance; it's lost its effect.

And I guess that if things are to keep going the way they are with you, where you've got your own media opportunities coming up, all these places you're getting to check out... maybe I'm projecting a bit, but I just don't know. I still don't want to feel like I'm alone anymore. Most importantly, I don't want anyone I care about to feel like that.

So, right now, I'm hoping you're getting some rest at the very least. Maybe spending time with family for St. Patrick's Day. I hope you're following through on setting those appointments so you can start getting yourself better, because that's what's important—you getting better—'cuz I don't want to lose you. I want to be able to come to see you, to hold you so tight that

you know exactly how long I've yearned for you. I only wish I had taken steps to start getting my own life back in order sooner, you know.

Everything happens for a reason. Do you remember how I used to say that a part of our relationship made me wonder if we were in some sort of cosmic couples therapy? Maybe this was part of it. Maybe I'm trying not to rely too much on the mystical side of things, to try to focus on building the physical, what we know is real, so I can achieve those grander visions I've had of us.

Part of me wonders if I should send you these journals that I've been writing as a way to show you. But given our circumstances, given that we still have to maintain a level of secrecy around the actual depth of our relationship, I feel like doing so would do more harm than good. So in a way, at least for now, these are a way to vent the pressure that's building up inside my head so I can think clearer and still focus on my goal of becoming the man that you deserve—regardless of whether you and I being together in the long run is part of the endgame.

I want nothing more than to see you happy. I want to see you flourish. I want to see you achieve everything you never thought you possibly could, just for the sheer hell of it. And I want to be there by your side every step of the way, as I've tried to carry you with me through my own ventures, but not by metaphor. Us physically standing side by side. So any moment that

darkness goes to try to creep on either one of us again, the reason for fighting is always right there.

I love you. Don't ever forget that.

Always...

Entry 34

March 19th, 2026

My Dearest Love,

Hey you. It's March 19th, 2026. This is the 34th entry, and honestly, a part of me is emotional. Putting these diaries together has made me realize the timeline, and I've started to remember certain anniversaries more. I still don't quite recall the exact date we met on that Christmas-themed podcast, but I remember you first reached out about a shared interest on January 4th. Then, on February 19th, shortly after I released the video, "A Reunion of Light and Soul," you admitted that part of the reason you contacted me was because you thought you might be connected to a loved one from another lifetime. And today, March 19th, marks our first video date. I remember how anxious I was, but it all came so naturally. I never want to lose that feeling.

But I know, with everything you're going through, there are probably going to be some changes. And I hate the fact that I'm not there physically to sit with you through it all. I fucking hate it. I hate the goddamn distance. I didn't expect to fall so hard for someone I

maybe only saw in person once, a passing glance years ago.

Part of me was so jealous about the people you were hopping on to social media live streams with before, because it seemed like you wanted to spend more time with them than with me. But last night, as I was talking with my therapist, I came to a little bit of a realization. With everything you're going through right now—the medical examinations, the medications, possibly facing surgery—perhaps checking out those live streams is the best way you know to recharge, to relax, to unplug. I have to admit, if I was in your shoes, I wouldn't want to do much either, besides sit at home and relax or spend time with my niece.

I know you tried to encourage me to look into some of those groups, and yes, I've connected with a few. But I don't know, with some of the extremes I've been through in my life—watching people die right in front of you or look like they're being burned alive from the inside—seeing the common social media approach just doesn't sit right with me. I mean, if there's somebody that you physically trust, I'll hear them out. Grant them safe passage, if you will. But still, even as I'm trying to let go of that side of me, the very extremes I've faced in my life make it hard to truly connect with most people.

So, I guess, you know, we all have to do what we have to do to get through the day, right?

I just really miss when it felt like we had moments where it was just you and me. No live streams, no worrying about my company, no social media BS. None of that. Just you and me talking about whatever random BS happened to pop up in our minds.

I guess I'm just trying not to let myself fall into a state of paranoia and accidentally do something to push you away. I hope that I haven't done something to push you away. I'm hoping that the fact that you're still reaching out on a somewhat daily basis, just to chat for even a few minutes, is a sign that we're still good, that the love has only calmed down but hasn't deteriorated.

I don't know, maybe when this settles, we can try to revisit me coming to see you. Some of my financial situation is finally turning for the better to where I could realistically start planning for stuff like that. Given the distance, naturally, there are always going to be some logistics to work around, but I just want to see you. I want to get rid of this distance. I want to be with you for the rest of my life. I want to be your husband.

Again, I'm sorry if I'm just a little emotional. I'm really trying not to be. And I'm hoping the little things I'm trying to do just to reach out as best as I can, given that we're thousands of miles apart, I'm hoping the efforts are at least appreciated on your end. I'm hoping you know where it all comes from. I'm hoping that it's not all for nothing.

Oh, what have you done to me, Love? What have you done to me? I used to be able to shake things off, but not with you. I hope you know that.

And I hope you know that whatever you have to go through, I'm still in your corner, cheering for you every step of the way. Even if you don't see me, even if for some odd reason you have to doubt it, I'm still here.

I'm still here, my Love. And I'm not going anywhere. Unless it's closer to you.

All my love,
Yours

